Belonging

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Belonging

by thatwasamazing

Summary

Omega Will Graham's heat is triggered like clockwork after every visit to a crime scene of the Chesapeake Ripper...what could it mean? I think you know... 😉

Notes

This is my first A/B/O fanfiction.

Things are Changing

Chapter Summary

the set up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will Graham, an Omega, is called to what will later be referred to as the ‘wound man’ crime scene, he has no idea his life is about to change. The as yet unknown killer is dubbed the Chesapeake Ripper, on account of how he rips his victims, taking organs from the body, presumably as a trophy. Once the scene is cleared, Will lets the pendulum swing behind his eyelids, attempting to recreate the crime in his mind. He actively tries to empathize with the killer, tries to understand why he does what he does. When he finally opens his eyes, coming back to reality, he is surprised to realize that his first thought is, *elegant*. He shares this insight with no one, well aware that it would not help his reputation in the slightest to call a corpse with countless medical instruments pierced into it *elegant*. Because of his ‘ability,’ he’s always been talked about in psychiatric circles, with many speculating that he has the mind of a killer. He doesn’t think of it often, but he knows deep down that he has the capacity for violence, including killing, but he chooses not to act on it. *That’s what being a human being is, what makes us different from animals*,

Will thinks, *the ability to suppress our natural instincts, mind over matter*. And he certainly has no shortage of mind.

The other novel aspect of this crime scene, is that Will notices a distinct scent surrounding the body and the instruments - an Alpha scent. It's so faint he barely detects it, but it's so pleasant that he can't help but seek it out once he catches a whiff of it - a blend of Elderflower and sandalwood. It's heavenly. Without admitting what he smells, he asks Zeller, an Alpha, if he can smell anything, knowing Alphas should be able to detect other Alpha scents; he says no, all he can smell is a faint trace of Will's natural scent - pine and cinnamon. Will frowns, realizing apparently his scent blocker isn't 100% effective, or what's more likely is that he's sweating it off again, making a mental not to keep a bottle with him. Zeller asks him why, and Will is surprised when the lie flows smoothly from his mouth, "I thought I smelled something but I wasn't sure." Zeller doesn't press him further and goes on his way, and Will doesn't mention the scent to anyone else; he's is not quite sure why he holds the information back, but something in him is compelled to keep it to himself, so he does.

*

The first major hint that Will's life is changing, is that exactly three days after the 'wound man' crime scene, he finds himself in the worst heat of his life, forcing him to call in sick to work. By the time he realizes how severe his heat is, he ends up telling Jack the truth. Normally Will hates telling others he's in heat, preferring to say he's ill - people always look at him with pity afterwards and it irks him to no end. Jack promises he will find coverage for Will's class at Quantico, and with that Will settles in to be miserable. Upon reflection, Will is honestly surprised that his suppressants aren't working. Even when he doesn't take them consistently, he tends to only get heats about twice per year, significantly less than the average Omega. His chronic stress and lack of sleep tend to put his body into basic survival mode, with no extra energy to spend on things like sex - his biology solely focused on staying alive. This particular heat lasts seven days, the longest he has ever had; in the past, his heats are usually only three to four days - five at most - so this is incredibly unusual.

After his heat finally passes, he is hopeful that he won't have another for a good long while. Heats are never an enjoyable time for him. He's chronically single, so his heats are always dealt with alone; he gave up trying to find anyone to help him through them years ago. Ironically, counter to his nature, Will doesn't particularly like Alphas, or at least the majority of them that he's met. Will has always found Alphas to be incredibly self-centered, thinking they're better than everyone, when in reality they are just people too. Gender shouldn't dictate respect. And from the few experiences he has had with the Alphas he *has* considered, the dislike seems to be mutual. Will is aware that he is lacking the typical traits that would make an Omega male desirable; he's not meek, nurturing, or kind to people (dogs, however, are another story). On the rare occasions when Will does seek out companionship, it's usually with a Beta, but even then he would never ask a Beta to help him through a heat. Therefore, for this heat, like all his others, he spends it locked away in his bedroom in Wolftrap, Virginia - alone and uncomfortable. Once it is over, despite his antisocial tendencies, he jumps at the chance to get out of the house when Jack calls with another case.

When he arrives at the specified location, Jack explains that there has been a series of young women who have gone missing - all of similar height, weight, hair color, and geographic region - and all with no evidence left behind…until now. They are at the home of the Nichols family, whose daughter Elise was one of the girls taken, but now her corpse was mysteriously returned and placed in her bed. After the scene is cleared, Will takes a lap of the room, instantly

noting that there are no scents present, Alpha or otherwise. He is surprised at the subconscious pang of disappointment he feels, at not getting to smell that divine scent again. *Not likely the Chesapeake Ripper then*, Will surmises.

Will then attempts his mental recreation of the crime, and as the pendulum swings behind his eyelids, he has the epiphany that this killer was trying to apologize for what he had done. Clearly very unusual behavior for a murderer, but unfortunately not actionable in terms of finding said killer. The forensics come back saying the wound pattern suggests she was impaled on antlers, which also turns up no actionable leads, as there are a near infinite number of homes in the area containing antlers, hunting being a popular pastime around these parts. So once again the case grows cold, and this killer is dubbed the Minnesota Shrike, on account of the method of killing; the name in reference the bird that impales its prey on branches, similar to how Elise was likely impaled on antlers. Jack continues to put pressure on Will, and with two active unsolved cases, Will is feeling stressed - drawn tight, almost like he is ready to snap - and wonders how much longer he can do this.

*

Hannibal Lecter, Alpha, respected psychiatrist to the public, and cannibalistic serial killer in private, has been bored lately. He has many hobbies and many acquaintances, but no significant relationships, and he is honestly fine with that, knowing his lifestyle precludes them. One can't be as close to *death* on a regular basis as he is and have many significant *living* relationships; the risk is too great, and that is a deal he has knowingly taken. He knows he is desired by many; his physical appearance, successful occupation, and approachability as an Alpha translate to him never having to go through a rut alone by choice. He has, on occasion, chosen to go through it on his own, the idiocy of the Baltimore elite sometimes intolerable no matter how nicely wrapped. However he usually he has many options when the need arises, both male and female, with one common unifying factor: without fail all of them gently suggest some form of permanence to the relationship after his rut is over, and Hannibal has gotten exceedingly good at politely turning them down.

Due to his proclivities, logically one of his hobbies is following news of murders in the surrounding area. He does this despite the fact that he is never terribly impressed with the motivations or style of the other killers; he realizes not everyone can be him after all, but concedes that it can be amusing to watch the growth and progression of fledgling killers as they develop their own unique style. Something happens to him for the first time, however, when he reads of the abduction and then subsequent murder of Elise Nichols. The article says her killer successfully abducted and murdered her, as he had likely done with the eight other missing girls. What shocks Hannibal is that the killer then decided, for some unknown reason – giving law enforcement hard evidence *and* risking exposure in the process – to sneak her body back into her home, placing her back in her bed, almost like an apology.

When Hannibal finishes the article, he finds himself incensed. *What kind of killer does that? That's appalling! Such shameful and cowardly behavior, especially after so many successful abductions.* If the circumstances were different, Hannibal could understand taunting the police, aware of his occasional inability to resist gloating, but the motive behind this act is obviously regret. One might be surprised to know that Hannibal values life tremendously; he knows all too well how precious life is. Because of this, for every death he imparts on the world, he makes sure it has purpose, is for a reason - even if that reason is solely for his benefit. And never once has he regretted one of his murders - a person's life is too important to make a disgraceful mistake like that. *This is obviously the result of a wishy-washy killer*, Hannibal concludes. He would expect

something like this from a fledgling killer, not someone with *eight successful murders* under their belt; it's abhorrent behavior, rude even. Hannibal has killed people for lesser transgressions to be sure, but finds he has no desire to track down and kill this pathetic man. He does, however, have an idea that sounds quite tempting: watching law enforcement find this killer and take him down. If he's really *that sorry*, let him repent under the law. *Yes, that is a fitting and elegant ending to this man's pathetic story!* Hannibal smiles to himself, a plan forming in his mind on how he can draw the police to this man, *and* have some fun in the process. His plan hinges on the assumption that there are a few people with a modicum of intelligence in law enforcement; Hannibal isn't going to hold his breath on that account, but he is incredibly curious to see what will happen.

*

Sleep deprived, stressed, and feeling the most unstable he has ever felt before, Will wearily agrees to meet Jack at a crime scene, this time out in the middle of a field. When he arrives, Will is struck by the graphic but elegant tableau left by the killer. The young woman is impaled on the antlers of a stag and her lungs are removed. Jack isn't convinced it's the Minnesota Shrike *or* the Chesapeake Ripper, *or neither*, and wants Will's opinion. After the scene is cleared, Will approaches the body to do his mental reconstruction of the crime, and stops dead in his tracks when he smells it: Elderflower and sandalwood. *Fuck it's the Chesapeake Ripper!* Will takes a moment, basking in the faint scent, surprised at the peaceful bliss it brings him at smelling it again, almost as if his body missed it.

Once he gets his mind back under his conscious control, Will does his best to reconstruct the motive and method in his mind, and instantly sees that this murder is very different. It's almost like a message, but to whom? At first glance it's clearly a replication of the Minnesota Shrike's murder, but done by the Chesapeake Ripper. *Two killers communicating with each other?* No, Will immediately dismisses that thought. The impression Will gets is that the Chesapeake Ripper is repulsed by the Minnesota Shrike, the overall tone of derision and superiority is evident. What is equally clear is that this is an elevation of the Minnesota Shrike's murder, a more sophisticated version of what likely happened to Elise Nichols. And superseding all of that, glaring at Will as if the killer wrote it in neon letters, is the Chesapeake Ripper's ego - his arrogance, the pride he takes in his work.

As Will takes in every detail, he has a surreal moment where he can almost believe that this message here is for him - though he can't fathom why or how. Every little nuance he takes in gives him more and insight into the Minnesota Shrike. It's like he needed to see a negative in order to see a positive, the similarities of the murders make the differences stand out in glaring obviousness. And among all of those differences, Will is given *many* concrete and actionable leads to find the Minnesota Shrike, yet interestingly *none* to find the Chesapeake Ripper himself. In a strange way he feels thankful to the Chesapeake Ripper for this gift of insight. As he prepares to leave the crime scene to inform Jack of his findings, Will has to admit, if only to himself, that like the 'wound man' scene, this scene is quite elegant - beautiful even in it's tragicness. He finds that with each Chesapeake Ripper scene he encounters, he feels like he innately understands the Chesapeake Ripper more; he can feel himself becoming interested in him in a way just slightly beyond a professional curiosity, somehow feeling drawn to his work, his scent, something about him incredibly compelling. Will tries to brush these thoughts and feelings off as part of his profiling process, afraid to look at them too closely, especially in his unstable state. When Will shares (most of) his insights with Jack, Jack remains unconvinced that it's the Chesapeake Ripper, and therefore dubs this killer the Copy-cat.

Will receives an unpleasant surprise three days after the Copy-cat murder scene, namely another severe bout of his heat. At first he assumes he's coming down with the flu, unsurprising considering his lack of sleep, inconsistent eating habits, and excessive amounts of stress. However, he is shocked - like knock him over with a feather shocked - when he realizes what is actually happening. How can his heat happen again so soon? He just had one not even a month ago! And why the fuck aren't his suppressants working?

Before it can get too bad, he makes himself call Jack to notify him he won't be able to work. He tries to pass it off as the flu, and due to how much he stress he's been under lately, everyone easily believes it. Again, his heat lasts a full week, and is equally as intense as the first one. So again, Will isolates himself to his bedroom to deal with it alone, quite miserable. In one of his more lucid moments, he has a shocking moment of epiphany, as a theory forms in his intelligent mind regarding what is happening to him...*what if the Chesapeake Ripper is his true mate?* At first the theory chills him to the bone, but if he's honest with himself, he's truly not sure how he feels about the idea. If it is true, it would explain the sudden intense bouts of heat he's been experiencing, as well as why his suppressants aren't working, *and* why the Chesapeake Ripper's scent is so appealing to him. The profiler in him is forced to admit the evidence matches the theory, and as disturbing as it is, he can't deny it.

In the past, Will never really gave much thought to the concept of true mates, especially where he was concerned. He's never really fit in - too much insolence and attitude to be liked by Alphas, and likewise too snarky and outspoken to get along with other Omegas. Most of the (admittedly few) people he's dated have been Betas, both men and women, and most lost interest once they found out he's an Omega. So in short, Will never figured that there would be a true mate out there for him. He *almost* wishes that were true now. Of course his true mate would be a serial killer. Oh, but not just any serial killer - no, he's a serial killer who makes artistic esoteric tableaus out of his victims and takes organs as trophies. Lovely.

Will has to admit though, that a small part of him is not surprised. He's always known that his empathy is a double-edged sword. It's why he has the jobs that he does: criminal profiler for the FBI and professor of criminal psychology at Quantico. He can easily get into the mind of anyone, and there is a need for his services in catching criminals. It's easy for him to tell himself that that's all it is – a job - enter their mind, determine motive, catch person, and move on - detached. But he knows it's a lie. He'd never tell anyone, but he knows deep down it's not just his empathy that gives him this moral ambiguity - it's himself. From a young age he's always known he has a darkness within him. Between his intelligence and empathy, he's been able to adapt to situations to get by, understanding what the "right" thing to do is, and able to do it if needed, regardless of how he truly feels; it's the same way he passed the FBI psych screening, but he knows he has the capacity for violence, for killing. So is it really surprising his supposed true mate is an intelligent serial killer?

The real question is, what does Will want to do about it? He presumes sooner or later they will catch the Chesapeake Ripper; after all, that is what he does for a living and he's fucking good at it. And when that happens, how will he feel, watching his true mate - probably his only chance for a real meaningful relationship - being put behind bars? Or getting the death penalty? And all because of him. It's an odd thought to have, to anticipate attachment, and then envision the loss of that attachment. But in a way, he feels like he already knows the Chesapeake Ripper through his work, his art. He's obviously intelligent, well-read, artistic, and fearless. God knows what he does with the organs – Will's not quite ready to give that thought his full analytical attention, afraid of what he might discover. And of course it's likely a *him* - a man – after all, statistically how many serial killing Alpha women are out there? Not many. That's the one thing Will finds he's not at all

bothered by - his true mate being a man. He's dated both men and women, and while he tells himself he has no preference, he's secretly always wanted to be knotted. That's another reason he doesn't like heats. It's as if every orgasm he gives himself is unsatisfying on some level; they take the edge off, and feel good, but he is always left wanting more, feeling empty somehow. Even using toys doesn't seem to fully sate him, and his theory is that his Omega *body* wants what it was designed for: a knot. His Omega *mind* however, so far, has not found any Alphas with personalities he could tolerate long enough to even *consider* being intimate with (and that's assuming they were interested in him in the first place, which he admits is not likely).

For a while, there appears to be a hiatus in the Chesapeake Ripper murders, and Will wonders if he has stopped for good. Their case is certainly at a standstill, and part of Will is grateful for the time to think about what he really wants, and how to handle if or when they do catch him.

*

A few months later, Will is tasked (again) with profiling the Minnesota Shrike, after a secondary forensics inspection turns up a small piece of metal. The type of metal has Will canvassing for employees at construction sites, reviewing employee files, all the while feeling like he's slowly losing his grip on reality the closer he gets to understanding this killer. He can easily feel and empathize with the killer's elation he feels killing these girls, the shame he is starting to feel, hence why he put Elise back, but also the intense drive, knowing he can't stop; Will feels like he gradually has less and less energy to fight against the feelings, but realizes he must, knowing that is the last chance he has at protecting his sanity. However, his mental fortitude is wearing thin - fuck, he himself is wearing thin! The more intense heats, combined with his increasingly frequent bad dreams, and the relentless pressure from Jack all end up pushing him over the edge. In the end, he succeeds in finding the Minnesota Shrike, one Mr. Garrett Jacob Hobbs. Unfortunately, as he enters the house, Hobbs takes his wife and daughter hostage, slitting both of their throats before Will can stop him. It all happens so quickly and Will barely remembers drawing his gun before he fires ten rounds - point blank - killing Hobbs, but not before Hobbs mutters, "See?" as he slides down the cabinet, life draining from his eyes. And Will hates that *yes, he can see,* as he watches the blood pooling from the women's bodies onto the linoleum floor; he is forced to admit, if only to himself, that it is darkly beautiful, but that *does not* mean he wanted it to happen, these women *did not* deserve this. He calls for emergency medical services, trying his best to staunch the flow of blood now trickling out of both women's necks, but despite his best efforts, neither woman makes it.

After this happens, Will's nightmares get more intense, evolving to what he would consider to be night terrors, with some even leading to him sleepwalking. At the crux of his nightmares is a fear he's not able to confront in the daylight - the fear of how much he *liked* killing Hobbs. Every night, the grisly events play on repeat in his head, over and over, coaxing him into remembering the righteous power he felt as he pulled the trigger; yet the millisecond he remembers the feeling, the very moment he tastes it, he is overcome with shame for feeling the way he does, mortified, locking the feelings away once more, only to be let out again the following night. It's an awful cycle that's wearing him out, and he finds he feels more unstable by the day. He tries his best to suppress the feeling, to act normal, to do what he is asked to, and he must be successful because amazingly he is cleared to go back to work (after jumping through many bureaucratic hoops).

However, despite being officially cleared, he is not at all surprised to be ambushed by Alana and Jack after class one day, with each of them expressing their differing views of what is best for him. *Surprise surprise,* Jack wants him back in the field ASAP; and *surprise surprise,* Alana wants an additional psychological evaluation. Will sees Crawford wince at the suggestion of

a psych eval, knowing that with Alana's reputation, her suggestion will likely mean that even though the review board already cleared Will for active duty again, they will likely expect said psych eval, and Crawford wants that about as much as a kick in the face. Crawford is also smart enough to realize that if Alana is the one to do the psych eval, he's probably going to lose Will as a consultant indefinitely, realizing the likelihood of her clearing him is slim to none, so he butts in, trying to head that off at the pass.

"Dr. Bloom, of course I'm willing to defer to your expertise..." Crawford says civilly as they stand in the empty lecture hall, and Will raises his eyebrows, sure as fuck every word in that sentence is a lie, "...but don't you think an objective third party would be better? Isn't it a conflict of interest if *you* do the psych eval? And more importantly, shouldn't Will have the right to privacy from the people he works with?" *Fuck Crawford's laying it on thick,* Will thinks, wondering *what is his angle?* Alana looks pleased at the praise, and Will lowers his esteem of her psychiatric ability down a notch if she really isn't able to see that she's being manipulated right now.

"Well thank you Jack, yes I suppose you're right…" She seems to get lost in thought for a moment before her whole face lights up, more excited than Will has ever seen her, as she exclaims, "Oh, I know just the person! He's the best psychiatrist I've ever known." Here she gets all swoony-eyed, and the next thing Will knows, he is being handed a stack of paperwork, the top paper being a referral to see one Dr. Hannibal Lecter, with the clear understanding that he is not allowed back in the field until the psych eval is complete. Part of Will is tempted to just let it be; he hates psychiatrists and he certainly could use a break, but the look Jack is leveling at him clearly says Will won't enjoy a second of his time off until he does the evaluation. Will realizes a second later that Jack seems to have anticipated his idea of putting it off, as his appointment is already scheduled for him, date and time written on the top of the referral form. *Lovely.*

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? I'd love to hear your feedback in comment!! ♥ or hmu here on tumblr ^_^

Crossroads

Chapter Summary

they meet!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal has just shown out his last patient of the day, a neurotic man named Franklyn Froidveaux, when he hears an unexpected knock on his office door. That's odd, he's not expecting anyone. He opens the door and sees a very official looking man in a suit, clearly an Alpha by his demeanor and scent.

"Dr. Hannibal Lecter?" the man asks.

"Yes," he replies, cautious but polite.

"I'm Special Agent Jack Crawford, FBI. May I come in?" The man flashes his badge as he talks and Hannibal reads it, verifying *yes it is real. Hmm interesting.*

"Please," Hannibal says, gesturing for the agent to enter his office, as his mind is rapidly calculating possible outcomes to this meeting. While it is highly doubtful that this man knows

Hannibal's true nature - if he did he surely would have brought backup - Hannibal isn't about to take any chances. As he passes by his desk, he discreetly picks up the scalpel he uses to sharpen his art pencils, slipping it up his sleeve, thinking it never hurts to be prepared for any eventuality. Once they are inside with the door closed, Hannibal asks, "So, what can I do for you Agent Crawford?" To Hannibal's surprise, the agent looks a little embarrassed.

"I'm uh…I'm here in an unofficial capacity, Doctor. If you'll indulge me, I'd like to give you some background information on your seven o'clock appointment tomorrow." Hannibal's mind clicks into gear, instantly recalling the routine FBI psych eval he knows is scheduled for that time slot; his curiosity is now piqued, though he is careful to show no outward reaction.

"You may, of course." At his easy agreement Jack looks relieved.

"The man you'll be evaluating, Will Graham...he's not an FBI agent. He used to be a police officer, but now he's a professor of criminal psychology at Quantico, however he also consults with my team on murder cases. You could say he has an *incredibly active imagination*. He has a gift for profiling, he can close his eyes and get into the mind of any killer; and as you can imagine, he's raised our department's success rate dramatically, if you catch my drift…" Jack looks at him directly, clearly wanting Hannibal to read between the lines.

"I understand…so you want him cleared to return to duty as soon as possible?"

"Yes, Doctor, he is *essential* to my team. He was recently involved in a deadly force encounter. I trust you'll keep this confidential…" Jack pauses here and Hannibal nods his assent, "…but Will was the one who found the Minnesota Shrike, Garret Jacob Hobbs. Unfortunately, Hobbs took his wife and daughter hostage. Will shot him, *ten times,* but not before Hobbs slit both his wife and daughter's throats. When we arrived on the scene there was blood everywhere, three dead bodies, and Will Graham, smack dab in the middle of it all - no doubt a traumatic experience for him. He was already cleared to return to duty, but your former student Dr. Bloom, who recommended you, felt Will needed some additional evaluation due to the…uh…unique circumstances...to make sure he's not broken beyond repair. But the fact of the matter is we still have two killers at large that he's profiling for us - the Chesapeake Ripper and the Copy-cat - and I need him back in the field as soon as possible."

As Jack is talking, Hannibal is becoming more and more intrigued. He had anticipated the appointment tomorrow to be, like most of the FBI psychological evaluations he's done, quite boring, but this…he couldn't be more amused right now. He is going to get to psychologically evaluate *his own profiler*, and the irony is not lost on him. Suppressing his smirk, he cordially replies, "I completely understand Agent Crawford, thank you for the information."

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At the scheduled date and time, Will pulls up outside a nice, if antiquated, building in Baltimore, just as the sun is setting. Before he exits the car, he splashes on some additional scent blocker. If he's learned anything from shrinks it's that once they realize you're an Omega, they start treating you differently. Will doesn't want to be here in the first place, but if he has to be, he doesn't want to be patronized or coddled. He waits in the waiting area and right at seven o'clock, he sees the door open and an attractive, wealthy-looking European man holds it open for him.

"Will Graham?" The posh man asks in an overly professional tone, which coupled with the polite smile, reads as disgustingly fake to Will - *ugh psychiatrists* - although he has to admit he's very handsome and his voice is like velvet.

"Yes."

"I'm Dr. Hannibal Lecter, you may call me Hannibal. It's nice to meet you, please come in." Will makes his way over, and the second he walks past the man holding the door for him, he nearly stumbles because *holy fuck* he knows that scent! It's faint, it must be masked, but *fucking hell* that is the Chesapeake Ripper's scent! He'd recognize it anywhere, it's undeniable. Will shivers for a variety of reasons as he continues walking into the large office, trying to assimilate this information. Once the shock wears off, he turns and takes a closer look at the man, assessing. *Could this dapper man really be his true mate? Really be a serial killer?* Neither seem likely, he has to admit. A moment later Will wonders if the doctor can smell him too, and is very glad he doubled up on his scent blockers, but he supposes either way there isn't much he can do about it now.

Will can instantly tell he's an Alpha, the larger body frame and his commanding presence are clear indicators even without the scent; however, to his credit the doctor does exude approachability and ironically appears non-threatening, no doubt why he is apparently the 'best psychiatrist'. *We'll see about that*, Will thinks. Will hands him the referral paperwork for his appointment and Hannibal says politely,

"Thank you, please give me a moment." As he takes the paperwork the nearby desk to do whatever psychiatrist stuff he has to do with it, Will walks around the large office, seeing an eclectic variety of books and art, and is begrudgingly impressed – the man has good (and likely expensive) taste. As Will makes his way back around to where he started, he walks past the desk and nearly freezes mid-stride as he sees a stack of drawings. The drawings are gorgeous, but that's not why he stares at them; one stands out, seizing his attention and holding it – a drawing of wound man, the medical drawing that inspired the crime scene of the same name, which also happens to be the first crime scene of the Chesapeake Ripper. If Will wasn't sure before that this man is the Chesapeake Ripper then he is now. *Fuck fuck fuck.*

*

Hannibal's mind is working in overdrive, taking in all the details of this interesting man in his office. He is surprised to realize that this Will Graham is an Omega, although he is clearly trying to hide that fact as his scent is barely detectable; he's obviously he's wearing scent blockers. Hannibal also notes he appears to be an unbonded Omega if his neck is anything to go by. With every step he takes away from Hannibal, deeper into the office, Will's faint scent dissipates more and more until it's virtually gone, and Hannibal is surprised at his strong desire to smell it again. The brief taste he got of it was tantalizing - he smells of earthy pine and warm cinnamon, rough and outdoorsy, yet also comforting somehow - it's the most delicious scent he can ever recall smelling. Hannibal normally prides himself on his self-control, but right now he finds himself feeling quite self-indulgent, already brainstorming methods with which he can smell him again.

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Will is lost in his mind, staring at the wound man photo, trying to reconcile what he is seeing. He is brought out of his thoughts as he hears an inhale close behind him, surprised to realize that the doctor has snuck up on him, and he jumps a little. His surprise lowers his filter, and he blurts out, "Did you just smell me?!" He's a little offended if he's honest, and he lets that be known in his tone of voice. *Fucking Alphas thinking they can just sniff you whenever they want.* Will hopes this guy isn't his true mate.

"Difficult to avoid. I really must introduce you to a finer aftershave. That smells like something with a ship on the bottle," the doctor replies and Will mentally scoffs, *what a fucking joke*, he just got subtly scented. And insulted. He feels his hackles rise, but before he can form an appropriate response, the doctor speaks again in a gentler tone. "I'm sorry Will, that was tasteless of me." The unsolicited apology throws Will for a loop, momentarily halting the harsh words from spilling out of his mouth. He is surprised, in his experience Alphas are notorious for their arrogance, virtually never apologizing. The shock of it has him again blurting out his thoughts before he has fully decided on what to say.

"My thoughts are often not tasty…" he says with a depreciating laugh, feeling like he's detached from reality, the moment feeling surreal somehow, like he's watching himself from the outside, safe and able to speak freely without risk.

"Nor mine, no effective barriers."

"I build forts," he offers, the banter coming easily to him. Will is surprised at the ease he feels speaking with this man, yet he finds he also intuitively feels defensive, wasn't he mad about something?

"Associations come quickly" the doctor observes.

"So do forts," Will says with a slight smile, enjoying the back and forth, realizing it's almost like flirting – it's been so long he almost forgot what it feels like to verbally spar with someone, like a game.

"Not fond of eye contact, are you?" Hannibal observes, and Will looks up pointedly at that, no doubt exactly what Hannibal wanted and now remembers his anger, it coloring the tone of the next words out of his mouth.

"Eyes are distracting, you see too much, you don't see enough. And it's hard to focus when you're thinking, um, oh those whites are really white, or he must have hepatitis, or oh is that burst vein? So yeah, I try to avoid eyes whenever possible." He's aiming for irritated but can tell it almost comes out petulant and defensive

"Yes, I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love."

Will stares at Hannibal, aghast, torn between the strong desire to be understood, because yes that is a fucking accurate summary of his mind, and anger at the gall of his guy. And how the fuck does he know so much? Will is sure he hasn't mentioned his dreams since he arrived here, how could Hannibal know about that? He may be a good psychiatrist but that doesn't make him psychic. His incredulous look must tip off Hannibal because he adds, "Jack Crawford came to see me yesterday, under the guise of giving me some background information on your circumstances." At this Will gets angry, feeling like he can't trust anyone.

"Is this an evaluation or a profile?" Will accuses as he feels his irritation growing by the second, and despite knowing that it's a bad idea to pick a fight with an Alpha serial killer in said serial killer's private office, he can't stop himself. "Then you know what I do for a living, don't patronize me!"

"I'm sorry Will, observing is what we do. I can't shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off." Will is again surprised at the seemingly sincere apology, but his anger is still bubbling close to the surface, his subconscious desire to not be dominated just because he's an Omega. It's a chip on his shoulder but that doesn't make it any less true.

"Don't psychoanalyze me. You wont like me when I'm psychoanalyzed," he warns.

"Will, I suspect what you have is pure empathy. You can assume any point of view, including some that scare you. It's an uncomfortable gift. Perception is a tool that pointed at both ends."

Will is dumbfounded. That very accurately and concisely sums up his condition, and if he's honest, it's the first time anyone has really acknowledged the difficulty he faces, the burden his gift is; it's the complete opposite of Jack who wants to wring out Will's usefulness until he has nothing left to give. To Jack, Will's value is only equal to his utility, his life and wellbeing only given value for the people he saves, the crimes he solves – his own life not having any intrinsic value on its own. It's incredibly refreshing to hear and neutralizes his anger instantly, leaving him a little lost what his goal is in the moment now that he's not on the offensive. He must hesitate too long because Hannibal continues speaking.

"I'm sorry for my analytical ambush, Will" Hannibal says with a seemingly sincere smile as he hands him an official looking piece of paper with an elegant signature at the bottom and Will is lost again; he looks hard at the man in front of him, reaching out his empathy, trying and failing to get much of a read on him. Is this man who makes him feel such a large variety of things really the Chesapeake Ripper? Is there room in one person to be so irritating and validating *and* be a serial killer? Will looks down at the paper in confusion which prompts Hannibal to elaborate, "You are totally functional and more or less sane. Well done." He smiles smugly and Will is confused, a feeling he isn't used to at all, so he starts reading the paper, instantly gleaning the gist of it.

"Did you just rubber stamp me?"

"Yes. Jack Crawford may lay his weary head to rest knowing he didn't break you, and our conversation can proceed unobstructed by paperwork." Will reflects on that. Isn't this what he wanted? Get cleared and leave as soon as possible? So why isn't he leaving? He hates psychiatrists, hates therapy. And anyway, the right thing to do is go and tell Crawford that he found the Chesapeake Ripper as soon as possible so they can get a warrant. So why isn't he doing any of that? Why does the thought of that cause him discomfort? Fuck, maybe he does need therapy. It can't hurt to stay a little longer, can it? If nothing else for reconnaissance purposes. In the deep recesses of his mind he knows it's a bullshit excuse but he grasps onto it desperately. Again, he must stay quiet too long because Hannibal continues to speak. "I am sorry Will, but I know I will soon be apologizing again and you'll tire of that eventually – so I have to consider using apologies sparingly."

Feeling the need to put some distance between them for the moment, afraid of his desire to dive in headfirst to whatever this is, consequences be damned, Will finds himself replying, "Just keep it professional."

"Or we could socialize, like adults. God forbid we become friendly," Hannibal replies warmly. At that Will turns to look at Hannibal dead on and sees he looks amused, nearly flirtatious – pretty much the *complete opposite of professional!* For fuck's sake, what kind of psychiatrist is he? *The serial killing type* his mind reminds him but he pushes the thought away for now.

“You try to make friends with all your patients, Doctor?” Will can’t help the sassy reply, again feeling the need to try to hold his own in the presence of an Alpha, always fighting his nature.

“Call me Hannibal please, and no, not all of them, only the interesting ones,” Hannibal replies smoothly and damn him Will feels like he’s being played with, but he also can’t deny he’s enjoying it, he can play too, although he feels like he’s rapidly losing control of what his actual goal in this encounter is.

“Well maybe *I* don’t find *you* that interesting, *Hannibal*,” Will says pointedly, and feels a slight blush rise to his cheeks at the intimacy of using his first name, but it’s with enough of a smile that he can’t deny he’s flirting. Hannibal stares at him intensely and Will feels pinned in place, rooted to the spot, feeling like shit just got real.

“You will,” Hannibal says with such assuredness that Will is again reminded of that Alpha arrogance. He’s about to retort when Hannibal continues, “Would you like to continue this conversation in a more comfortable location?” Hannibal gestures at the two chairs in the middle of the room and Will can’t bring himself to say no, so he makes his way over, and sits down. Once seated, he folds his release paper up to put in his pocket, but before he does, he says,

“Jack just wants this,” Will holds up the folded paper for emphasis, “Alana thinks that I need therapy.”

“What you need is a way out of dark places when Jack sends you there.”

“Last time he sent me into a dark place I brought something back.” Oh fuck, why did he say that? Will nearly claps his hand over his mouth to prevent further unintentional words from spilling out, what the fuck is he doing? His brain is obviously allowing his mouth to speak without his conscious permission.

“And what was that, that you brought back?” the doctor asks, looking at him intensely.

Will tries not to squirm under the scrutiny, but realizes there’s no way around it now so he reluctantly says, “Associations I guess…? Hallucinations…I suppose Jack told you I was the one who killed Garret Jacob Hobbs…I’ve…I’ve seen him…when really I’m looking at other murder victims.”

“Did you tell Jack what you saw?”

“No.” Will scoffs, tone clearly implying *duh.*

“It’s stress, not worth reporting,” Hannibal easily dismisses. After a beat, he continues, “You displaced the victim of another killer’s crime with what could arguably be considered *your* first victim.” Will’s eyes widen at that, all of a sudden feeling on edge, scared, and defensive all at once, eyes glancing at the door out of reflex.

“I don’t consider Hobbs my victim,” he says, rallying.

“What do you consider him?” Hannibal asks in the patient, probing way that psychiatrists ask things.

“Dead,” Will replies flatly, beginning to remember why he hates therapy, even from incredibly-smelling, attractive therapists. Maybe he should leave…

"Is it harder imagining the thrill somebody else feels killing, now that you've done it yourself?" Will just stares, mouth agape, both afraid and intrigued by the question. His silence must be answer enough because Hannibal continues, "Or do you fear the inevitability of it happening again, the inevitability of encountering another man like Garrett Jacob Hobbs, a man so bad that killing him felt good?" Will tries to suppress the shiver that runs through his body, terrified that all of this is hitting quite too close to home, but the desire to finally be understood, to not have to hide anymore is stronger, so he compromises, saying cautiously,

"Killing Hobbs felt just." It seems like a safe answer.

"Because you understood *why* he did what he did. It's beautiful in its own way, giving voice to the unmentionable." Will's head is spinning, it's uncanny to hear his most deeply held thoughts given voice so freely by a stranger. *Yes, yes, that is exactly it. This guy is good,* and against his will, Will finds himself nodding, prompting Hannibal to continue. "I suspect it wasn't the act of killing Hobbs that affected you so, was it? Do you really feel so bad because killing him felt so good?"

Will feels like he's been electrocuted as the words land. That's the crux of it, isn't it? The root of all his nightmares…that he knows deep down he *did* like it, he liked it so much it scared him, and he's suppressed it so much for fear of being found out it's like he's been slowly drowning on the inside. He's deathly afraid of admitting this, but Hannibal has made it so easy for him, and in a twisted way, if there ever was anyone he could safely admit this to, strangely a serial killer would understand, and surely wouldn't rat him out, he has the proof of that tucked into his shirt pocket.

"I liked killing Hobbs," Will says quietly, giving in to the sweet temptation of being understood. He can't help looking away, it's the first time he's ever admitted it out loud. Somehow giving voice to the feeling makes it suddenly feel too real and he almost wishes he could recall the words back into his mouth, but can't deny that he feels some of the weight lifted off of his shoulders the second he says it; he feels unburdened, regaining some control despite his fear. When he finally gets the courage to look at Hannibal, his unconventional psychiatrist, he is smiling at him.

"Killing must feel good to God too, He does it all the time. And are we not created in His image?"

"That depends on who you ask," Will replies, thankful Hannibal has given him a reprieve from talking about his feelings and validation of said feelings all in one sentence. *Fuck he is a good psychiatrist.*

"God's terrific. He dropped a church roof on thirty-four of his worshipers last Wednesday night in Texas, while they sang a hymn."

"And did God feel good about that?" Will asks, feeling insanely curious about this fascinating complex man in front of him, drawn toward him as if they were magnets, opposites and yet somehow the same, two parts of a whole.

"He felt powerful…is that how you felt when you killed Hobbs? Powerful?" Hannibal asks with a quiet intensity and Will takes a moment to think about it; he supposes he did feel powerful, in control, calm – a reprieve from how he feels most of the time – weak, scattered, anxious.

"I felt a quiet sense of power when I killed Hobbs." Will says softly, almost a whisper.

"Good, remember that feeling," Hannibal replies, volume equally quiet, yet tone firm.

"Why?" Will asks, surprised at the command (and the slight shiver that runs through him at the sound of the attractive Alpha giving him an order).

"Because your mind represses things when they get too uncomfortable, Will, it's a protective mechanism *for the moment*, but over time excessive repression leads to instability, something I believe you may already be experiencing. You need to practice being intimate with your feelings, confronting them - both the good ones *and the uncomfortable ones*. Only when you remember them, know them, will you find balance, stability, and the confidence to know who you really are versus the minds that you enter. You can't shut out part of yourself and expect to live a happy life. The human brain doesn't work that way. Remember Will, the mirrors in your mind can reflect the best of yourself, not the worst of someone else."

Will can't imagine what his face looks like as Hannibal is talking. Fucking hell, is he hearing what he thinks he's hearing? Is Hannibal indirectly telling him to kill again? *Score one for Hannibal being the Chesapeake Ripper*, Will thinks wryly. But as he reflects on the actual advice, it does ring true – he is constantly repressing himself out of fear of what he might discover if he doesn't. And it is logical that they only way to overcome fear is to confront what you're afraid of. However, that part Hannibal said at the end about the mirrors in his mind gives him pause. He is appreciative of the statement, of the intention behind it, but it rings untrue on multiple levels, so much so that he can't leave it alone.

"They *can* but that doesn't mean they *do,"* Will says in reference to said mirrors, and Hannibal seems to take a moment before he speaks, selecting his words carefully.

"Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for the monsters. What is it that is preoccupying your mind currently Will? Is there a monster out there distracting you? An unsolved case beckoning for your attention?" Will sits back slightly, realizing he definitely isn't about to tell Hannibal what is *really* on his mind, he can only imagine what that would look like: *Yes, you, in fact, are distracting me. You with your incredibly attractive scent, your large strong Alpha body, your velvety voice, and those ridiculous cheekbones, are distracting me. You know why? You might be surprised to know you're my true mate! Oh yes, and also, surprise! I know you're the Chesapeake Ripper! And the Copy-cat! Oh and the cherry on top of this fuckton of information is that I have no idea what the hell I'm doing when I leave this room…if I leave this room. Oh fuck my life. How's that for what's preoccupying my mind, Doctor?* No he definitely can't say any of that, not if he values his life. So instead, he follows the prompt he is given, realizing he *is* incredibly curious what Hannibal will say if presented with his own murder. Will tells himself he's doing this for his job, but in this moment he really just wants to know this man sitting across from him better; he feels drawn to him in a way he never has with anyone before.

"I don't think the Minnesota Shrike killed that girl in the field," Will says, watching carefully for any reaction out of Hannibal. However, if Hannibal is surprised, he hides it well, but he does clearly look engaged in the conversation. Will finds he feels a strange respect for Hannibal, realizing anyone who can sit there with a straight face when their own murder is being discussed has some balls, but he supposes it shouldn't be surprising; his profile of the Chesapeake Ripper did describe him as fearless, and lo and behold he was right, here's the proof, sitting gorgeously in front of him. When Hannibal smiles in response, Will thinks he detects a hint of smugness. *Gotcha!* Will thinks, *you preening peacock, all killers like to be noticed, especially Alpha killers with their fucking Alpha arrogance*, and Will finds himself smiling smugly back, almost daringly, feeling like he's playing a dangerous game.

“The devil is in the details. What didn’t your Copy-cat do to the girl in the field? What gave it away?” Will again has that surreal detached feeling, feeling like he’s playing with fire but also feeling the most alive he can ever recall feeling.

“Everything. It’s like he had to show me a negative so that I could see the positive. That crime scene was practically gift-wrapped to point us towards the Minnesota Shrike; Garret Jacob Hobbs wouldn’t have done that, he didn’t want to be found…” Will has an epiphany mid-sentence, “…but the Copy-cat wanted him found…”

“Ah the mathematics of human behavior, all those ugly variables. Some bad math with this Copy-cat fellow then huh? Are you reconstructing his fantasies Will? Parsing out what else he wants, besides for the Minnesota Shrike to be caught? What kinds of problems does he have?” Will can’t believe this conversation is real. If he makes it out of this room alive he’ll be shocked, and yet if he does, he still doesn’t know what he’s going to do.

“Uh, he has a few,” Will hedges, not about to touch that question with a ten foot pole if he doesn’t have to, because really, how meta are they going to get? Will profiling the very man sitting in front of him for his own amusement? No, he’s got to draw the line somewhere.

“You ever have any problems, Will?” Hannibal asks him, almost playfully. The question is so absurd that Will is surprised to find a laugh escape his throat, and a sincere laugh at that, subsequently realizing he can’t recall the last time he laughed this freely, and that this whole situation is fucking ridiculous.

“Oh no,” he says sarcastically, because despite the fact that Hannibal has known him less than an hour, Will is sure he’s not stupid. Will wouldn’t be here if he didn’t have problems.

“No, of course you don’t. You and I are just alike…problem-free. Nothing about us to feel horrible about,” Hannibal replies with a smile, as if they are sharing a private joke, yet Will hopes it’s not the same private joke, else he really should be worried for his life. “And speaking of problem-free, you have your clean bill of psychological health, and our hour is up.” Hannibal stands so Will does the same, figuring if he is going to be murdered this will be it, and is surprised to realize how calm and accepting he feels of that fact; his indecisiveness is at a peak high, so in a way being murdered would allay him from having to decide what to do.

But he is not murdered; instead he is escorted to the door, again basking in the faint scent of Elderflower and sandalwood that comes with Hannibal’s proximity. He feels a light touch at the small of his back as Hannibal ushers him out, and when the door is closed, he is left with a pleasant residual tingling on his lower back, echoes of where Hannibal’s hand was a moment ago. Will is surprised to realize that he does, in fact, feel better than when he entered – *is this what therapy is supposed to feel like?* Although he does admit his brain feels a bit scrambled. One part of him really wants to make another appointment - wants to see him again, talk to him again. While another part of him says to call Jack as soon as he’s out of the building and get a warrant, or at least point the investigation his way. Despite the difficulty Will had at reading the doctor, he’s almost 100% sure he’s the Chesapeake Ripper. So why isn’t he calling Jack? *Ahhhhh.* Will’s head throbs in irritation and he briskly walks out back to his car. On the way home he picks up a bottle of whisky from the convenience store, and when he gets home he pours himself two fingers worth. He works his way through it as he takes care of his dogs, and then passes out in a blissfully ignorant and dreamless slumber, still not having made a decision on what to do.

*

As Hannibal walks Will to the door, he can't help but search for his scent, that lovely pine and cinnamon smell, unable to resist touching him gently under the guise of guiding him out. As Hannibal closes the door, he can't recall a session he has enjoyed more - he's intellectually aroused, firing on all cylinders. He can't deny the thrill he got from discussing his murder with the FBI profiler who followed his clues he left, and not only that but killed Garret Jacob Hobbs…and apparently enjoyed it! It's almost too good to be true! And this Will Graham…he's certainly intriguing. He's clearly intelligent, as he was able to understand Hannibal's crime scene perfectly. And his empathy makes him incredibly unique, in theory able to understand anyone; he's filled with so much fear, yet also so much potential. And despite the fact that he obviously lacks the social graces Hannibal usually appreciates in his company, full of sarcasm, bluntness, defensiveness, and bitterness as he is, Hannibal realizes he finds Will's assertiveness and sass charming. The fact that he is an Omega with this type of personality is even more intriguing, as Omegas are usually more eager to please, and Hannibal realizes rather than being put off by the incongruity, he finds Will to be quite refreshing company.

Even after he goes home, Hannibal is surprised to find his thoughts often returning to the blue-eyed profiler. Normally once people are out of his sight, they are equally out of his mind - no one warranting that much of his attention - yet he can't deny he is curious about Will, and hopes he will make another appointment. If not, maybe Hannibal can find some excuse to contact him – following up? Or even be so brazen as to seek him out at the FBI? He smiles, thinking *that would certainly be a fun challenge*.

Exactly three days later, Hannibal is surprised to feel the signs of his rut coming on; he feels the familiar tension start to set in his body, beginning to feel warm all over, and that intangible feeling of need permeating his consciousness, mind clouded with unmet need and biological craving. He quickly calls to cancel his appointments for the day, and once that is done, he stops to do some math. His rut shouldn't be due for another three weeks at least! Maybe his suppressants expired? He checks the bottle and *no, they are fine* . He tries to think back if he missed any and can't recall doing so, his regimen is meticulous, *how perplexing*. By now he's feeling more hot under the collar and knows it's only a matter of time before he'll be useless. Now is the time to decide, does he want to call anyone? Or go it alone?

He scans through his mental rolodex of potential partners, and he finds in this moment every single one sounds repulsive to him. This leads him to try to think who he *would* want with him through his rut, and unbidden, the image of Will Graham pops into his mind. From there it's just a hop, skip, and a jump to imagine them in all sorts of interesting scenarios. Hannibal feels himself start to harden in his pants as a light clammy sweat breaks out over his body, so he hastily grabs a few water bottles from his kitchen and heads up to his room, knowing his rut will start soon.

Hannibal is surprised to realize how quickly his rut is coming on; he assumed he had a few more hours but he already feels nearly out of control, skin prickling with sensation, urgent need coiling inside of him like a snake, ready to strike out. He strips down quickly and lays on his bed, the expensive sheets refreshingly cool against his burning hot skin. He instantly takes his straining erection in hand and begins stroking at a measured pace. He hisses at the first contact his hand makes with the swollen flesh, eyes fluttering shut in both pleasure and relief, not unlike scratching an itch – momentary relief followed by said itch getting exponentially worse. Hannibal's hand speeds up of its own accord to match what his body is telling him it needs. He slides his hand up over the tip, spreading the copious amounts of pre-come down along his shaft, lubricating the glide of his hand, coaxing moans from his body in the process. Feeling dizzy with arousal and lost to instinct he continues to ride the exponential climb of his arousal and pleasure. He can hear his

panting breaths, loud in the quiet of his bedroom, as he surrenders to the instinctual need originating from deep within him to mate, to fuck, to give and receive pleasure, and to protect his chosen one, his Omega. *Will...*

At the thought of Will, Hannibal starts squeezing his length more tightly as he strokes himself, envisioning Will Graham presented for him on all fours. He easily imagines himself fucking Will, his hole both tight and wet around him as he pounds into him, over and over. Hannibal finds himself groaning quite shamelessly as the fantasy continues to unravel in his mind. He imagines himself working his large cock deeper and deeper in to Will's submissive Omega body, seeing his beautiful brown curls bounce with the motion as Hannibal fucks him, rocking into him, inching in deeper each time.

Hannibal nearly whimpers as he imagines those calculating blue eyes looking at him knowingly, realizing Will's empathy would allow him to know *exactly* how Hannibal is feeling, the pleasure he is deriving from his body. In his mind, Hannibal imagines Will would look smug, almost as if he's challenging Hannibal, daring him to go further, to fuck harder, breaking through the stereotypical gender role of submissiveness associated with Omegas. Somehow Hannibal suspects Will would not submit easily, or maybe even at all – he's definitely not a typical Omega by any standard. As Hannibal continues to imagine those ocean blue eyes piercing into his as he fucks into Will's body, he has the realization that many would find a look like that from an Omega inappropriate, the implied insubordination of challenging the Alpha, especially during sex; yet not only can Hannibal easily envision it, he finds it hitches his arousal up higher, enhances it, realizing the idea of being with someone unafraid to challenge him, almost an equal, is incredibly arousing - not only for his body, but for his mind as well.

The image behind Hannibal's eyelids, of Will taking all he can give and then asking for more, makes him moan loudly, surprised by how much the image excites him. He is surprised even more as he subsequently feels his knot start to form, swelling at the base of his dripping cock. This of course propels his fantasy to continue, imagining him holding Will's hips in place, maybe even pushing on his back, forcing his chest down against the mattress and his ass into the air, as Hannibal fucks him harder and harder, doing anything and everything to wipe that smug grin off of his face, to replace it with breathy pants and moans of his name, *"Hannibal..."* Hannibal nearly loses it, shivering, as he imagines the sound of Will calling his name, the memory of Will using his name from their session is still fresh in his mind.

Hannibal brings his other hand to the base of his cock where his knot is, squeezing slightly at first, then tighter, as his other hand continues to fly up and down his cock, stroking, occasionally sliding over the sensitive head, *oh god*, he's so close. He imagines thrusting into Will's willing body, in his mind's eye smelling his sweet scent of pine and cinnamon, intensified by Will's Omega heat, triggered for him, only him. He imagines savagely pistoning in and out of his body until he finally knots him, forcing his knot inside the ring of muscle and spending his come inside Will's body. His fantasy simultaneously envisions himself biting Will's pale neck, hard enough to draw blood, claiming him so thoroughly there would be no doubt who he belongs to. Hannibal squeezes his hand tighter around his knot to mimic the feeling and nearly screams in pleasure as he comes harder than he can ever recall, with or without partner. His orgasm seems to go on for ages, jet after jet of come continuing to sputter out in near obscene quantities as he rides the waves of pleasure, keeping pressure on his knot as if it was trapped in Will's body, all the while envisioning Will's toned lean body and creamy skin before him, imagining their scents mingling, intermixed to the point that they are no longer individually recognizable. When finally the last remnants of his orgasm expire, he continues to lay flat on his back, catching his breath, staring at the ceiling in awe, covered in his copious amounts of semen. *Well...that was unexpected.*

As he comes back to himself, he is forced to admit, even though it is far from convenient, that he *wants*. He *wants* the most inconvenient person on the planet – his patient, who just happens to be a professor of criminal psychology *and* criminal profiler who is, in fact, investigating a murder that *he himself* committed – yes there are *many* valid reasons to not pursue Will Graham. Yet in the moment Hannibal isn't bothered by any of them. For the time being he writes it off as rut induced lunacy, and begrudgingly tries to clean up a little, drinking some water before he will have to go again.

In the end, his rut lasts an entire week, the longest he has ever had. As a doctor, after day five he had started getting concerned as this was well out of the norm for him, but thankfully it abated on day seven. All seven of those days, Hannibal couldn't help that his thoughts, visions, and fantasies consistently returned to Will Graham. Embarrassingly, his obsession had him going so far as to google Will, staring at photos of him on tattlecrime.com as well as his university headshot, to better flesh out the material of his fantasies; despite Hannibal's eidetic memory, he finds he craves more, and short of getting in his Bentley and driving to the FBI to demand where Will Graham lives, he has limited options. For a moment, Hannibal wondered if his growing obsession with Will was really a pedestrian case of "you want what you can't have," conceding that despite his intelligence he *is* still human, but in his more lucid moments he realizes his fascination is both real and justified. In Will he sees potential for many things - for friendship, companionship, to know and be known, or simply for his own amusement. He decides he'll give it a few weeks and if he hasn't heard from Will by then, he will seek him out himself.

*

The morning after the appointment, Will wakes up hungover and grumpy. He spends the day sobering up, moping, thinking, and then drinking again, lost in his mind, feeling severely conflicted, and wonders how he can ever resolve what he is feeling. His body and heart want him to call Hannibal's office and make another appointment, do anything to see him again, smell him again. His biology seems to know he has met his true mate and all he wants to do is be with him, consummate, bond. His mind however is torn. On the one hand he loves having someone - for the first time that he can recall - who understands him, acknowledges the difficulty of what he does, and seems to genuinely care. He didn't know how much he needed to hear it until their session, and now he feels like an addict, needing another hit of that precious validation. On the other hand, he knows that he should call Jack, get a warrant, and investigate him. And that the longer he waits in this purgatory of indecision, he risks more people dying - innocent people, made into beautiful tableaus with their organs missing. *Jesus fucking Christ*, he forgot about that. *What the fuck is Hannibal doing with the organs?* He should have asked him…Will shakes his head. *No!* He should turn him in. And yet…he feels paralyzed, unable to, and so he continues to drink, keeping the world fuzzy at the edges, keeping the reality of needing to make a decision on a course of action at bay for the time being.

If Will had any doubt that Hannibal is the Chesapeake Ripper *and* the Copy-cat, those doubts die on the third day after the appointment. Sure enough, he feels the beginnings of his heat coming on, despite the fact that he shouldn't be due for at least another two weeks. He calls Jack that he won't be available, saying he's not feeling well, and hangs up before Jack can respond. Somehow it's the final nail in the coffin - twice could be a coincidence but three times? His profiler brain knows what his body has been telling him all along – his handsome psychiatrist who smells of Elderflower and sandalwood – who also happens to be the fucking Chesapeake Ripper and the Copy-cat - is his true mate.

Truth be told since the pivotal appointment, Hannibal hasn't been far from his mind at any given moment, thoughts both moral and carnal in nature - right now leaning towards the latter. As the cloud of arousal descends on him, he braces himself, suspecting it will be just as bad as last time. The key difference this time is that now, as he's fucking himself on his fingers shamelessly, trying in vain to give his Omega body what it craves as he leaks copious amounts of slick onto the sheets below, he's imagining his fingers are Hannibal's Alpha cock - filling him, stretching him, using him, knotting him. He comes almost as soon as he imagines it, a surprised moan wrenched from his throat as he imagines Hannibal's knot swelling inside his body, locking them together, filling his body with his seed. His vivid imagination envisions Hannibal biting him, claiming him, and he groans as the aftershocks of the orgasm wash through him; he finds he still feels moderately unfulfilled, but better than he ever has before, hope building inside of him against his will.

As he slowly floats back to reality, he has a panicked moment – *oh fuck* he just masturbated to the thought of the Chesapeake Ripper! This is so fucked up, what is happening to him? He can't go on like this, but for the life of him he has no idea what to do, feeling stuck at the crossroads of what he knows is right, and what he knows wants. He is thankful that in that moment of panic he feels his heat rising again, starting to cloud the edges of his mind, and he welcomes the reprieve it brings from having to think about what his life has become, allowing him to put it off just a while longer, content for the moment to pleasure himself to thoughts of the Chesapeake Ripper, the Copy-cat, and his true mate – Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

Chapter End Notes

♥♥♥ OMG thank you to all who have read, left kudos, or commented!! It is greatly appreciated!!! ♥♥♥

As always I'd love to hear your feedback in a comment below!! or hmu here on tumblr ^_^

I See You

Chapter Summary

please heed the tags

long smutty last chapter (im not kidding it's like 12k words hahahaha)

i hope you enjoy! ^_^

and thank you to the inspirational madsmeetsmisha for her support, encouragement, and invaluable feedback on this story!
thank you my dear! 😘

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will succeeds at resisting making another appointment with Hannibal for a while. The first three days following the fated appointment, Will is miserable with indecision and stress, resulting in him being quite drunk for a large portion of the day just to get a break from feeling anything. On the third day after, sure enough he finds himself deep in another intense heat that again lasts seven days. On day six of his heat, in one of his more lucid moments, Will develops a theory about why his heat lasts so long after being exposed to Hannibal: he speculates his body is waiting for

Hannibal, intentionally prolonging his heat so he will be ready for his true mate. He has no idea if it is true or not, but he can't deny he certainly has felt an uneasiness ever since leaving Hannibal's office that has nothing to do with his moral dilemma. It's like somehow he now feels more incomplete than he did before, like he's missing something…or more likely *someone* . He feels unable to help himself from seeing Hannibal again, truly feeling unable to stay away from this man who smells like Elderflower and sandalwood, this man who made him feel so much in that brief hour they shared, yet feeling equally stuck on the potential consequences of not turning Hannibal in, the innocent lives that will surely be lost – is his growing obsession worth that level of sacrifice? It's nearly overwhelming to think about and he ends up back at the whiskey to give himself a break from thinking about it.

By the end of the second week after his appointment, against his better judgement, Will still has not called Jack to get a warrant. Will does however meet with Jack and Alana to turn in his psych eval clearance, and he is surprised at the feelings the meeting generates out of him. He knows it's ridiculous, but as he hands the form to Alana, he finds he is almost hesitant to relinquish the piece of paper. He is loath to admit it, but he has caught himself smelling it, barely able to detect the faint traces of Hannibal's scent lodged in the paper's fibers. The second the form leaves his hand, Will realizes that short of making another appointment with Hannibal (or finding another murder victim of the Chesapeake Ripper or Copy-cat), that that is the last trace of Hannibal's sweet scent that he will ever smell. The realization sparks a deep pang of sadness in him, resonating with disappointment and overall wrongness. He almost wants to snatch the paper back but knows he can't. What is wrong with him? Deep down he knows it's not very realistic to try to stay away from his true mate – but for the life of him Will can't envision what life would look like being romantically involved with Hannibal, *especially* right now as he's seated in the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit, yet Will can't deny he feels like he's on a one-way train, destined soon to reach the point of no return. He must get lost in his head for a moment, because the next thing he hears is Alana's insistent voice trying to get his attention.

"Will? Will?" The second one has a slight coloring of professional concern which Will tries to allay, lest Alana impose any more psychological recommendations on him.

"Sorry, what?" he responds with a forced smile, trying to sound even keel and well adjusted, *whatever the fuck that sounds like* .

"So what did you think of Dr. Lecter? He's great isn't he? Do you think you'll continue seeing him for therapy?" She sounds so incredibly hopeful that Will is almost insulted, reading between the lines: *There's something wrong with you, you need therapy.*

Despite Will's irritation, he finds himself saying, "You know…I think I do want to see him again," and is surprised how truthful the words sound, and at the warm feeling that spreads through his chest and the happy anticipation he feels at the thought of seeing Hannibal again. Alana and Jack must hear it too because they both look surprised - bordering on shocked - but both look happy as well. Will catches them looking at each other briefly, exchanging incredulous expressions, probably both mentally high-fiving each other, selfishly taking credit for something they don't understand at all, something that if they knew the whole truth, they wouldn't want to take credit for.

"Oh Will, I think that's wonderful! I knew you would like him!" She can't keep the torrential quality out of her voice, nor the relief and amazement it's imbued with, and again Will would be insulted if he cared that much. The look Jack is leveling at him looks almost suspicious for a moment before it transitions to smug happiness; he's no doubt pleased that he can now work

Will as hard as he wants without fear of breaking him, now that his mental health has been successfully outsourced.

That night Will does, in fact, end up calling Hannibal's office to make another appointment, and the relief he feels is bone deep as he hears Hannibal's velvety voice through his cell phone. That night he is able to fall asleep without the aid of whiskey for the first time he can recently recall, and is pleasantly surprised when he does not have any nightmares; he feels better than he has in weeks, mind and body both reassured by knowing he will see Hannibal again. Despite this improvement, he tries very hard not to think about what will come *after* seeing Hannibal again, honestly not sure what, if any, outcome he is rooting for. *How can this end well?*

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When Hannibal receives Will's phone call to make another appointment, he can't deny his excitement at the anticipation of seeing Will Graham again; the amount of relief he feels is surprising, but he is not one to question his good fortune. He is also thankful for the timing of Will's call - a few days earlier and he wouldn't have even been able to answer the phone, as deep into his rut as he was. Things seem to be looking up.

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The day of the appointment, as Will is getting ready, he picks up the bottle of scent blocker but then hesitates, wondering if he really needs to wear it or not. Now that he knows they are true mates – why should he hide? Why not let Hannibal know he's an Omega…and his true mate? Will lets his active imagination play out that scenario - if he didn't wear it, Hannibal would likely be thrown into a rut instantly…and what would Will do? He would probably be unable to resist, and they would likely have amazing sex in Hannibal's office…but then what? Would Hannibal even want to be with him if it weren't for the hormones? Hannibal's so attractive he could probably have anyone he wants; he's so classically Alpha with his broad shoulders, muscular physique, commanding presence, and striking male features – would he really want someone as atypically Omega as Will? Will who is not slight or effeminate at all, not nurturing or caring, not slim or svelte or soft - he's as prickly inside as his stubble is on the outside, and by his own opinion he's not overly attractive – he supposes he's not ugly but he knows he would fade into the background next to Hannibal's radiance. Somehow this thought makes Will feel like if he doesn't wear scent blocker, it's almost as if he's entrapping Hannibal into a relationship with him…like he's relying on biology to obtain for him what he couldn't get any other way, and the thought sickens him. That's not who he is. He doesn't want anyone's pity. If he is with Hannibal romantically, he wants Hannibal to actually want him for him – for who he is, not just because they are true mates. That decides it, and he applies a liberal amount of scent blocker, bringing the bottle with him for good measure.

With that decision made, he begins the hour-long drive from Wolf Trap, Virginia to Baltimore, Maryland. The sun sets as he drives, painting the sky in beautiful pinks, purples, and oranges, and he periodically spots a few twinkles of stars. On any other day the beautiful scenery would be calming for Will, but today he feels conflicted. Part of him really just wants to give in, to stop worrying about doing the right thing and just follow his instinct. But didn't he always say he was more than his instincts? That the ability to resist instinct was what separates humans from animals? *Fuck.* He pushes the thoughts from his mind as best he can for now, pointedly ignoring his cell phone, knowing Jack and a search warrant are just a phone call away. He feels like a fucking mess - maybe Alana's right, maybe he does need therapy?

As he enters Baltimore proper, Will notices the sun has set but no stars or moon are visible because the sky is filled with ominous dark gray clouds. When he's about three blocks away from Hannibal's office, his car makes an odd sound – a pop, followed by the engine revving quite loudly, RPMs going through the roof despite the car slowing down. *Fuck,* he does not need this right now. Will pushes the gas pedal but nothing happens, the engine sounding quite unhappy at his efforts. Realizing traffic is backing up behind him, Will turns on his hazard lights and coasts to a stop at the curb. *Well shit.*

Glancing at his watch, Will realizes there's no way he'll get to Hannibal's office before seven, even if he ran, so he pulls out his phone and calls to let Hannibal know what happened. He can't deny how his heart flutters and his stomach drops as he hears Hannibal's silky voice through the phone, realizing just how acutely he missed it in the interval since he last heard it. To his surprise, the doctor offers to come help Will push his car to the lot behind Hannibal's office. Will tries to decline the offer, for once wanting to be polite (*what is happening to him?*) but he can't deny that his car is in a horrible spot where it's at, taking up a lane of traffic, and it would be a bitch to try to push and steer by himself, so in the end he relents, accepting his offer, yet struggling to picture pristine Hannibal in his fancy suits doing something as mundane as pushing a car.

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As Hannibal hangs up the phone, he can't deny the flutter he feels in his chest at how close he is to seeing Will Graham again. The circumstances are certainly not what he expected – but he's beginning to realize that everything in regards to Will Graham seems to surprise him, so why should this be any different? He buttons his suit jacket, locks the office door, and begins walking towards Greene Street, butterflies in his stomach that soon he will see Will again. He absently wonders if the novelty will have worn off, maybe he's not as unique as Hannibal thinks he is? It certainly wouldn't be the first time the general population has let him down, because truth be told Hannibal holds no one in high regard other than himself. Sure others can be entertaining, but most have no value beyond that.

His speculation dies as he turns the corner and sees Will, standing next to his car, motioning somewhat angrily for cars to go around him. Hannibal can't help himself but watch for a moment before Will notices him, appreciating the compact fitness of his body under the ill-fitting clothes and the buoyant brown curls atop his head – he has a down to earth beauty about him and a defiant energy that makes Hannibal smile despite himself. Deciding he's probably approaching the risk of being caught staring, he continues walking until Will notices him.

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When Will sees Hannibal walking towards him at a brisk pace, it's like a breath of fresh air. He is hit by just how much he missed him, how right it feels just to be in his vicinity, so much so he almost forgets for a moment what he knows is true – that this man is a serial killer. He's brought out of his thoughts by Hannibal's assessment of the situation, suggesting Will to steer the car while Hannibal pushes it. Will can't help but grumble a little about the plan, disliking being seen as the weaker one, but Hannibal does appear to be stronger than he is so he can't make much of an argument. They make it the first two blocks with no problem, working well as a team, and Will is struck by how he can't recall the last time he enjoyed working *with* anyone. Once they're about one block away from the parking lot behind Hannibal's office, the heavens open up, rain pouring down in a sudden deluge. Will can't believe his bad luck – *what the fuck world? Did you think I didn't have enough problems?* Despite the rain, Will sees Hannibal continue to push the car.

Will yells to get his attention, trying to tell him to stop and get in the car, but by the time the message is heard, they are both soaking wet and *what is another block anyway?*

They finally make it to the parking lot and then hastily make their way into Hannibal's office just as the wind starts to pick up, the rain seeming to fall sideways in that frustrating way where you can't avoid it no matter where you put your hands. Will feels uncomfortable, cold, and wet, reminded of the time his dog Buster took off chasing a fox when he was fishing, which resulted in them both falling into the incredibly December-cold water of the Potomac River. However as they go through the door, Will realizes if he thought he was drenched, Hannibal is much worse off; Hannibal looks like *he* just climbed out of the Potomac River, actively dripping on the nice carpet, expensive suit and shoes likely ruined, and his water darkened hair is hanging down over his face - not to put too fine a point on it but he looks breathtaking, somehow more human and less intimidating. *Rain, the great equalizer,* Will thinks amused, *falling on the brilliant and the unremarkable alike.*

The second the office door is closed, they both gravitate towards the fireplace which *thank god* apparently Hannibal had the foresight to light before he left. As they stand in front of it, Will is hit full force with Hannibal's Alpha scent, more powerful than he has ever smelled it before. Once Will can think again, he suspects his scent is enhanced by the enclosed space and the heat from the fire, but then he has another thought and freezes - *oh gosh, maybe the rain washed Hannibal's scent blocker off?* Will has another moment of panic when he realizes his own scent blocker probably got washed off too! *Fuck!* He feels surrounded by the sweet and enchanting smells of Elderflower – fresh and floral, and sandalwood – warm and woody. Each scent seems hundreds of times stronger, with Will noticing nuances to them, and the resulting combined scent is better than anything he's ever smelled in his entire life. It's so good he almost feels drunk on it, and with each inhale he feels his body getting warmer. It's pleasant at first, a lovely comforting feeling, but on his next inhale he recognizes that this is a different kind of warm feeling *oh no no no fuck* - he feels his heat coming on!

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Just as Hannibal closes the office door, feeling uncomfortable and weighed down in his soaking wet designer clothes and shoes (*that was certainly unexpected!),* he is hit with a wave of Will's scent, yet it's infinitely stronger than last time and incredibly mouth-watering - the warm smell of cinnamon and the crisp smell of pine; Hannibal is surprised to realize that somehow it feels like home. He feels a carnal instinctual desire lit deep inside him, starting to feel warm all over in a way that has nothing to do with the fire he is walking towards, and that is when he realizes what it is – *oh no! Is his rut coming on? No that's impossible! And why now of all times? No this can't be happening!* He panics.

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Hannibal clears his throat somewhat awkwardly before he speaks, having to start over again midway, "Would you…would you like me to call you a cab...or…?" Will looks at him surprised, as his sentence trails off – unlike the articulate man, and sees that he looks nearly possessed. When their eyes meet Hannibal speaks again with urgency, "Will, I hate to be rude but you might want to leave." Will is confused as Hannibal continues to speak. "Ideally soon. As a doctor I stand by my sworn oath to do no harm, but I am embarrassed to say I can't guarantee that I won't do you harm if you stay." Will's mouth goes dry as the words register. *What is he saying?* Will feels like it's getting harder to think…like with every breath he takes he loses more and more mental acuity.

"You would kill me if I stay?" he asks, trying to understand, not thinking clearly.

The doctor looks shocked at the question as if he's been physically struck, "What?!? No. I'm sure it hasn't escaped your notice Will, I'm an Alpha, you're an unbonded Omega; I feel a strong rut coming on and I wouldn't want to take advantage of you, but I fear I won't be able to control myself soon. In fact, maybe I should leave, yes. Your car doesn't work. I will leave, you call a cab," Hannibal declares, sounding slightly less panicked, presumably now that a plan is in place. As Hannibal turns to leave, Will feels a keen sting of disappointment. He knows he didn't want them to come together like this, but for the life of him he can't remember why in this moment, all he knows is it feels wrong for Hannibal to leave. Before he can think through what he is doing, Will reaches out, catching the older man's forearm. He feels the warmth of his skin through the cold soaked fabric of his suit jacket, followed by a tingle that zaps through him like electricity, like a bond seeking to be made.

"What if I don't want you to leave?" Will finds himself asking, eyes boring into Hannibal's, surprised at how calm he feels, unafraid, as he continues to hold onto his forearm. *Why was this a bad idea?*

"Will do you know what you're saying?" Hannibal looks at his eyes, no doubt seeing his pupils are blown wide with lust, and Will feels tension in Hannibal through their single point of contact. "Are you in heat?!? No wonder!" Hannibal sounds almost angry, though it's unclear at who or what, maybe just his lack of control over the situation, and somehow this triggers something in Will, something deep and instinctual. Will feels the fog clearing a bit, being presented with the possibility of what he doesn't want (Hannibal leaving) brings into stark relief what he does want (Hannibal staying here with him, and whatever that entails).

"Yes, I know what I'm saying," Will says as calmly as he can manage. At Hannibal's skeptical look, Will continues, tone slightly harsher, "Don't look at me like that! I'm not that far into heat! But yes, I felt it come on just now as we came in here. If you want to leave, I won't stop you, but for the record I want you to stay." It's not very Omega behavior to be physically holding an Alpha in place, asking him to stay, however Hannibal doesn't look put off by it - if anything his eyes darken and Will's pulse quickens at the sight as his grip on Hannibal's forearm tightens.

"Are you sure you know what you're asking for Will?" Hannibal asks, almost seductively, but with dangerous tone to his voice, and for a split-second Will can see it - can see the Chesapeake Ripper - and rather than feel fear, as he knows he probably should, he finds he feels kinship, for he already knows this man, he's given lectures on him for fucks sake.

"I know perfectly well what I'm asking for, just like I know who you really are," Will says, feeling a surprising inner peace and sees as Hannibal's expression looks thrown.

"I don't understand," Hannibal says, obviously struggling to make sense of Will's words.

"Oh yes you do, I don't expect you to admit it - you can't - but I know you're the Chesapeake Ripper… *and* the Copy-cat." Will speaks calmly, matter of fact, and sees Hannibal's eyes widen in shock, then narrow in accusation but Will presses on, "I've known since we first met." At that Hannibal's eyes widen even more, as if he can't believe what he's hearing. "I've smelled you at crime scenes, I knew the second I walked past you into your office, and then your wound man drawing confirmed it." Here Hannibal seems to finally find his voice, tone aiming for calm but landing somewhere closer to haughty defensiveness.

“If you’re so sure, why haven’t you gone to Jack Crawford with your *theory* ,” Hannibal says, the word *theory* dripping with skepticism, as if to dismiss Will’s claim as nonsense, nothing but conjecture, and Will feels the Alpha presence in front of him strengthen in defense.

“I think you know why,” Will says, stepping into Hannibal’s personal space, feeling like everything is becoming right in the world. “It’s the same reason I won’t tell now. The same reason I find poetic beauty in your tableaus. The same reason I’m drawn to your scent,” Will boldly leans in to Hannibal’s neck, as if drawn by a magnet. It’s not very Omega behavior, much too forward, but again Hannibal doesn’t seem bothered, if anything he seems intrigued.

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Hannibal feels incredibly confused; it’s not something he feels often and is surprised when he puts the name to the feeling - *what is happening?* It feels like his world is being turned upside down by this incredibly interesting attractive man, and for the life of him Hannibal can’t predict the outcome of this meeting. In fact he doesn’t even know what he wants in this moment; he feels like he can’t think straight, Will’s delicious scent drugging him.

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Hannibal seems frozen, rooted to the spot, and Will finds it might be his heat but he’s never wanted anything more than this man, this man who he should fear but doesn’t; Will intentionally tilts his head to the side, baring his neck, as submissive as he’s going to get, but he wants this too bad to risk sending the wrong signals - every Alpha, even the serial killing ones, understands this universal gesture.

For the briefest of moments Will wonders if Hannibal will recant his former statement about not killing him. He tries to put himself in Hannibal’s place - it’s a risk, having someone who knows your secret, *especially* a criminal profiler for the FBI, but Will suspects Hannibal can feel it too, the bond they have; Will doesn’t know what true mates feels like, but he suspects it feels like this, this air of magical magnetism between them, of harmony and balance and essential rightness. He can’t be the only one caught in the spell can he?

It’s probably only the span of a few seconds, but to Will it feels like an eternity before Hannibal seems to make a decision. Hannibal moves slowly, lowering his face to his neck, and Will feels him breathe in over his scent glands, reminded of their encounter last time, shivering at the feeling, the proximity, the anticipation. The next thing he knows his wet curly hair is caught in an almost painfully tight grip and Hannibal’s nose is pressed intimately against his scent glands, inhaling deeply; when Hannibal finally speaks, his voice is gruff and deep, and Will instantly feels slick start to leak out of him in arousal.

“This is your last chance Will, to leave, to let me leave; if you do, I promise I won’t call on you,” Hannibal says. The Omega in Will briefly feels insecure and unwanted, subconsciously hurt by the words.

“Is that what you want?” Will asks, more meekly than what he intended.

In response Hannibal leans close his ear and whispers, “No,” which causes Will to shiver again.

Will can’t help the smile that breaks out over his face, cheekiness returning full force as he says, “I already told you, I don’t want you to go.” That seems to be the last straw as the next

moment Hannibal pulls him back by his wet hair and their mouths meet in a hot feral kiss. Will melts, a whine escaping him - Hannibal's mouth tastes amazing, sweet, perfect. Will forces his tongue in, chasing the taste, the feeling, craving more, and Hannibal allows it for a moment before giving Will's tongue a warning nip, causing Will to pull back; Will grins at the savagery, the give and take - this is everything he never knew he wanted.

Hannibal pulls back with a teasing kiss, then smiles seductively, as he takes his own wet jacket off, followed by his tie and waistcoat, and Will feels another gush leave him as he shrugs out of his own wet jacket. Will feels can feel his heat coming on stronger, feels the magnetic pull to the Alpha in the room, and somehow Will knows instinctually this is his Alpha; he's never once wanted to belong to anyone, but he can't deny he feels like he already belongs to this man, the same way this man belongs to him.

Hannibal watches Will intensely as begins to unbutton his wet dress shirt. Will closes the distance between them, and instantly takes over the unbuttoning, his Omega instincts anticipating the need, wanting to serve, and he is honestly surprised - he's never once wanted to do such a thing, but god help him, he wants to now, in fact he wants to do much more than just that. When he reaches the end of the buttons, Will untucks Hannibal's shirt and pushes the wet fabric open. Automatically Hannibal shrugs out of it and instantly Will is caressing his broad chest, feeling his springy golden chest hair against hot skin. Hannibal nearly purrs and Will takes a risk, tilting his fingers, scraping his nails down Hannibal's chest causing Hannibal's purr to become a growl, looking at him intensely.

The next thing Will knows, Hannibal has two fistfuls of his wet shirt and pulls, buttons scattering everywhere, and the Alpha show of strength sends another wave of slick rushing out of him, his own erection hard and straining in the confines of his wet pants. As if pulled by magnets, their bodies come together again, bare chests meeting for the first time, skin against skin, with Will feeling Hannibal's chest hair brush pleasantly against his nipples. Will can't help the whine that escapes him as Hannibal mouths at the scent glands on his neck, teeth gently scraping over them. It's a very forward move, but Will doesn't mind at all, they're well past that. For fun he mouths at Hannibal's neck too, doing the same thing and Hannibal pulls back, clearly surprised and caught off guard, but he doesn't look upset, in fact he seems to have a glimmer of amusement in his eyes. Maybe they are made for each other? Most other Alphas wouldn't tolerate an Omega doing that.

Will can feel his heat creeping up inside of him and for once he's not dreading it, he welcomes it, embraces it. He steps back slightly, toeing off his shoes, then undoes his belt and pulls his wet pants and underwear down; he's thankful that the deluge from the rain hides just how much slick has leaked out of him as he's sure it would be an embarrassing amount. He steps out of the wet clothes, kicking them aside, and then stands in front of Hannibal completely naked and erect, and just act of this vulnerability, of offering, causes his to leak more, both from his hard cock and his ass. He keenly feels the symbolic nature of this moment, how he is presenting his body to this Alpha who commands the room, ceding control. Will remotely hears the rain drumming down outside, making them feel more isolated, intimate. Hannibal steps forward and the Omega in Will wants to look down in submission, but he is more than his gender so he pointedly keeps his head raised, eyes on Hannibal who smirks at him in response.

"Unusual aren't you?" Hannibal asks, amused, and Will smiles, unafraid.

"Oh no more unusual than you are," Will replies sassily, challenging.

"I'm discovering that, yes," Hannibal says with a grin.

“You did say I was interesting,” Will says flirtatiously, eyes sparkling.

“I did, didn’t I? Well I stand by my assessment, you are incredibly interesting Will Graham, quite unique,” Hannibal says, as he steps forward, circling Will like a predator. He can feel Hannibal’s eyes on him, his scrutiny like a physical touch, tingling every place it lingers. When Hannibal returns to his front, Will is breathing faster under the intense gaze, his cock twitching and his hole leaking; he squirms slightly as he feels the tickle of some slick dripping down his inner thigh. The motion draws Hannibal’s eye and Will watches in astonishment as Hannibal kneels before him and catches some with his finger; Will watches in awe as he stands, and with his eyes never leaving Will’s, brings it to his mouth and sucks his finger in. Will gulps at the image, the sight of this Alpha obscenely savoring his taste - Hannibal’s eyes closed in ecstasy - is almost embarrassing except that it’s so so hot.

When Hannibal’s eyes open there is a hunger in them, and Will is instantly pulled into a kiss, immediately tasting his own slick and groans at the baseness, suspecting Hannibal did that on purpose - *oh yes he knows what he’s doing* - and Will loves it. As they kiss, Hannibal’s wet pants brush Will’s naked body and he shivers from the cold, which Hannibal notices, pulling back.

“Oh my apologies, let me remedy that,” Hannibal says playfully as he takes off his pants. As he does, Will feels another gush of slick come out of him at the sight. Hannibal naked is mouthwateringly gorgeous – tan skin, sculpted muscled body, golden hair - he looks the epitome of what one would expect of an Alpha male, powerful and attractive. But what captures Will’s interest the most is his cock, which is quite large, and Will can see the beginnings of swelling at the base. *Oh god, an Alpha knot* Will thinks excitedly. But perhaps most excitingly, Hannibal’s cock is erect and Will is surprised at how relieved he is to see that; Will realizes subconsciously when he saw how traditionally Alpha Hannibal looks and acts, and how gorgeous he is, he worried Hannibal wouldn’t find him attractive, as he is not the typical Omega - not effeminate, soft, or nurturing - and finds the visual proof that that is not the case calms him.

Will realizes he’s staring and meets Hannibal’s eyes briefly before looking at the fire, embarrassed to be caught. Hannibal gets closer to him again, and Will can’t help the calmness that washes over him at the proximity, the way his body releases the tension it was carrying when their bodies touch; as Hannibal embraces him, he gently cards his fingers through the damp hair at Will’s nape and Will finds it is incredibly soothing. A moment later he feels Hannibal’s warm breath near his ear, asking,

“Will I be your first, Will?”

Will opens his eyes at the question (*when did he close them?)* , and then responds, “First? No, I’ve had sex before,” tone slightly defensive.

“Mm let me clarify, your first Alpha? Your first knot?” Here Hannibal pauses his sultry whispers, mouthing at the sensitive skin behind Will’s ear, before asking faintly, barely a whisper, “Is that what you want?”

Will shivers but it has nothing to do with the cold and everything to do with the Alpha whispering in his ear. He feels his cheeks heat slightly in embarrassment at being asked this so bluntly, but he finds himself answering, voice also barely above a whisper, “Yes…you would be my first Alpha…my first knot,” Will’s voice catches as he says knot, the reality of what’s about to happen somehow finally sinking in by giving voice to the word. “And yes...,” he takes a final rallying breath here, leaning back so his eyes can meet Hannibal’s, “…it’s what I want.”

Hannibal groans in response, eyes darkening as he commands, “Turn around.” Will turns as requested and feels himself be bent over the nearby chaise by the fire, kneeling on the cushion, hands resting on its back, and wonders for a moment if Hannibal is going to knot him now - for some reason he thought the encounter might go on longer; he’s been enjoying this and isn’t ready for it to end.

His fears are unwarranted, however, when he realizes Hannibal’s intention. Will feels his cheeks spread apart, blushing at the intimacy and exposure, and then Hannibal’s warm tongue is licking everywhere, starting at his inner thigh where the slick dripped down, and then working his way up to the source, lapping it up, groaning as if Will is the best thing he’s ever tasted. Will moans at the feeling as he licks over his hole - the feeling is electric - he’s never had someone do this to him and is amazed at how fucking good it feels, once he gets over the initial embarrassment. Eventually Hannibal gets more bold, tongue forcing its way into his hole and Will thought it couldn’t get better but he was so wrong; he is moaning louder now, uncaring how desperate he sounds, feeling his heat getting stronger, making it hard to think of anything other than the insane pleasure Hannibal is wringing from his body. Out of instinct he reaches down to touch himself, needing some sort of relief, feeling aroused beyond belief, but Hannibal catches his hand and he whines.

“Let me take care of you Will, I promise you will like it,” Hannibal says, voice husky, and Will shivers, then nods, trusting, believing, and yielding to this Alpha; to be honest he’s surprised how easy it is, his inner Omega naturally wanting to cede control to his Alpha - he’s never felt this way, this level of trust with anyone. But Hannibal is true to his word, as a moment later Will simultaneously feels a finger push inside his hole and a hand start to stroke him, and he moans unashamedly, the dual sensation already making him feel keenly close to orgasm.

Hannibal keeps up a maddeningly slow pace on his cock, while he continues to fingerfuck Will, eventually adding a second finger. Will feels a slight burn as Hannibal stretches and scissors his hole, but the hand on his cock distracts him enough that he barely notices when a third finger is added, his body instinctively knowing what it wants as he begins to rock back on the fingers. Just as he has gotten used to them, the fingers and their pleasant pressure are gone, as well as the hand on his cock, and he whines in desperation.

“Fuck Hannibal please,” Will turns his head to look back, desperate, not caring how needy he sounds, Omega hormones running strongly through him.

“Turn over Will, I want to see you,” Hannibal prompts, and Will freezes as his brain short circuits, hearing Garret Jacob Hobbs in his head, saying ‘*See? See?’* He can feel himself starting to panic, starting to lose grip on reality, *no no not now, but yes, fuck, he can see, does see-*

“Will?” Hannibal says gently and Will opens his eyes, realizing he froze midway through turning around and turns fully to face Hannibal.

“What did you say?” Will asks, half afraid, half accusingly, 100% lost. Will sees Hannibal looking at him in puzzlement.

“I said I want to see you,” Hannibal repeats, sounding slightly less sure than he did the first time. Something seems to click, hearing the vulnerability in Hannibal’s voice, his inner Omega answering the call to soothe this Alpha, his Alpha.

Without really deciding to Will says, “I see you,” and is surprised to find he really means it; as he stares at Hannibal - backlit with flickering firelight, skin appearing almost to glow, planes

of his body cast in shadows - Will finds it a perfect representation of this beautiful dark complex man who has one identity for the public, and another darker hidden identity in private. Will subsequently realizes he is the only person on the planet who is privileged enough to know both, loving the fact that he has this gift of knowledge.

As if somehow understanding the intent behind what Will is saying, yet also surprised by that leap of intuition and the truthfulness of his response, Hannibal says seriously, "I see you too Will…" They stare at one another for a beat and Will feels like they are connected despite the fact that they aren't even touching right now. After a moment Hannibal smiles tenderly, firelight making him appear soft, as he says, "…now lie down."

Will follows the command, lying down on the chaise, feeling the warmth from the fire at his feet, already feeling better; he is realizing for the first time the benefit of having a serial killer as a potential mate - he doesn't have to hide anything about himself, he really can truly be himself, his true self, bad parts and all, and that thought makes him smile darkly, feeling more free than he can ever recall.

"Do you really? See me?" Will asks, looking up at Hannibal from under half-lidded eyes. He watches as Hannibal gets a pillow from the end of the chaise, pushing it under Will's hips, before kneeling between his spread legs. Hannibal looks surprised at the question, and Will supposes it's not really typical to discuss such things during a sexual encounter, but somehow it feels very important to him right now; yes he's horny as fuck and in the early stages of his heat, and yes he wants Hannibal and his knot, but somehow it feels like more, like he wants more than that. If Hannibal really is his true mate, he doesn't want to consummate this under false pretenses. After a moment, Hannibal responds, looking amused but not bothered. If Will is right about his intelligence, he can likely have several trains of thought going at the same time.

"As strange as it is to say, I do feel you - your presence, your energy, your feelings - in a nebulous but distinct way," Hannibal replies, gently rubbing his hand up and down Will's leg, seemingly unconsciously; it feels fabulous and is quite distracting but Will will not be deterred.

"But do you see *what* I am? What I could be?" Will can't help the teasing lilt to his voice, wanting to be known, yet also wanting Hannibal to *want* to know, to see how innately he understands him already, hopefully as well as their bodies seem to understand one anothers. Hannibal looms over him, large and Alpha in his presence, assessing, and rather than shying away, Will basks in it, loving being the focus of that intelligent scrutiny. He sees Hannibal lean down over him and shivers as he feels Hannibal whisper near his ear, scenting him while he's there.

"And what is that? What are you? You tempting creature…" Hannibal's voice is like sin and Will feels himself rapidly losing control, body undulating at the feel of Hannibal's lips on his neck, already imagining a claiming bite on him.

"I'm like you," Will whispers back. He hears Hannibal's sharp intake of breath as he leans up, gazes meeting again. Will feels like his heat just got turned up 500%, his skin feels on fire, his body needing release, but his heart skips a beat at the expression on Hannibal's face, first shock, then a dark smile, a real smile in stark contrast to the fake psychiatrist smile he got way back when. And then just as he smiles back Hannibal is kissing him roughly, savagely, tongues and teeth everywhere and Will moans, returning the kiss, giving as good as he gets, groaning as their cocks slide together trapped between their bodies and he grinds up into the contact, heat instinct taking over.

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Hannibal is once again shocked, it seems the surprises in regards to Will Graham are not over for the evening. Is what he's saying even possible? Is it really possible this intriguing man is really like Hannibal? Hannibal is naturally skeptical, but he can't stop the hope that rises in his chest. He would never have described himself as lonely, but seeing this very real potential for companionship tugs at his heart temptingly and he allows himself to believe for a moment, something he rarely does as most of the human race are a bunch of disappointments, but he decides he's in - whatever this is, it feels right, so for once he's going to trust his instinct.

*

"Please Hannibal, fuck…" Will keens. He hears Hannibal nearly growl as he pulls back, eyes appearing red, backlit by the fire - he looks dangerous, powerful, and scary, but Will feels himself falling in love, sees himself reflected in this man who by outward appearances is normal, but on the inside is filled with dark secrets; who better than him to be his mate?

Hannibal looks nearly possessed and gets into position. Will watches with rapt fascination as he scoops up some of the slick that has leaked out of Will (Will belatedly realizes this chaise is probably ruined but it can't be helped now) and spreads it over his cock. Then Hannibal positions himself and starts to push in slowly; Will groans, already feeling like this is what his body needed, craved - like an itch being scratched, a thirst being quenched - and if the look on Hannibal's face is anything to go by, he likely feels the same. The copious amounts of slick allows Hannibal to slide in easily with Will just feeling the pressure and it feels so so right, fuck! He can't help how he rocks his body up, trying to get Hannibal in further, curious how he will feel all the way in, curious to feel them fully joined.

Hannibal groans, rocking forward and they both release a breath as he bottoms out. Will is surprised to feel tears in his eyes, but not from pain or discomfort, but with how right this feels - he has the absurd feeling that he feels complete for the first time in his life, wondering *why did he resist this so long?* He sees Hannibal looking at him oddly and he tries to blink the tears away, rocking his body again, universal signal for "go." This seems to distract Hannibal from his inquiring gaze, eliciting a gasp from him, and then it's like a switch has been flicked - Alpha mode on - as he starts to fuck Will slowly but with purpose. Will moans, body feeling needy, overheated, and with every breath he takes he smells Hannibal's scent – Elderflower and sandalwood – simultaneously calming him and arousing him further. He feels his hard cock bobbing against his abdomen, a trail of pre-come leaking out, smeared stickily across his stomach.

Will angles his body up to meet Hannibal's thrusts as they start to come faster, and Hannibal growls, leaning over him, spreading Will's legs further apart. Hannibal's scent gets stronger around him, making him dizzy, but Will feels like he is the happiest he's ever been, like he's exactly where he's meant to be. Like magnets being drawn to one another, they kiss passionately, moaning into each other's mouths. Hannibal's kisses transition to his cheek, then Will feels him nosing down to his neck, and without even thinking about it Will automatically bares his throat, instinct to be claimed overriding his thoughts.

He feels Hannibal nose at his scent glands, then kiss and lick there, cause Will to moan unabashedly, "Oh Alpha!" This causes Hannibal to grunt, picking up the pace, thrusting faster, sucking and scraping his teeth harder at Will's throat and Will moans again, realizing he feels a pressure against his hole every time Hannibal thrusts in and realizes his knot is forming; Will gets tingles all over in anticipation, feeling like he wants it all, needs it all.

“Hannibal, oh god, yes, fuck, I’m close!” Will exclaims as he claws at whatever part of Hannibal he can reach, needing them to be as connected as two people can be. At that, Hannibal shifts his weight, bringing a hand down between them, beginning to stroke Will’s erection and Will brings one of his own hands there too – not very Omega behavior but Hannibal doesn’t seem to care. As they move together, Will feels strung tight, so close. He feels Hannibal’s pace increase, feels the blunt pressure of Hannibal’s knot against him, feeling so incredibly turned on, knowing it’s going to be in him soon, linking them together; he wants that, to be linked in every way possible to this man, his true mate, the only one in the world who can know and understand the real him. When he feels Hannibal’s teeth graze across his neck again he gasps out without thinking,

“Do it!” Will’s other hand comes to Hannibal’s hair, tangling his fingers in the silky damp strands, clearly pushing Hannibal’s head to his neck. Will hears Hannibal groan against his neck, clearly torn – Will guesses he wants to bite him but is probably unsure if Will is just saying that because of his heat. Deciding to take matters into his own hands, so to speak, Will tightens his grip in Hannibal’s hair, pulls his head to the side, and mouths at his neck, scraping his teeth along his scent glands, speaking low and intense near Hannibal’s ear, “I want you to do it Hannibal, I’m lucid, you’re the only one who knows the real me…” Will bites down on Hannibal’s neck, not hard enough to be a claiming bite but teasingly so. In response, Hannibal roars, and the Omega in Will wants to retreat, to soothe, but he is more than his gender so he stays the course.

Suddenly his own damp hair is fisted and he is face to face with Hannibal, his pace slowing to a stop, his hand no longer on his cock and Will feels like he hit pause, surprised and begrudgingly impressed he has the self-control, though not understanding why.

*

Hannibal grits his teeth with effort of holding back, *oh god* he really wants to bite this man, to claim him, keep him; his biology is 100% sure of what it wants, he’s never felt like this before in his entire life! Never has he wanted to keep someone longer than what their purpose serves. He feels wild, nearly out of control – what is happening to him? He always told himself he would never mate, never bond – how could he with his lifestyle? It could only end one way. Even if he really wants to believe Will Graham means what he says - that he knows Hannibal’s secret, that he likes killing too – it all sounds too good to be true. And Hannibal is not dumb. When things seem too good to be true, they usually are. He stands to lose a lot from this encounter, but what does Will stand to lose? Nothing! He works for the FBI for fucks sake, what is Hannibal thinking? He’s been taken in, bewitched, enchanted - this could be a trap, did Will stage his car trouble? The man is certainly intelligent enough, is that really possible? Could this all be a set up - even the visit from Agent Jack Crawford? The fear stings him and he can’t help as the words fly out of him, needing to know the truth *now* .

*

“Why?” Hannibal asks as he pulls back, staring into Will’s eyes almost accusingly. Will looks at him, confused.

“Why what?”

“Why do you want me to bite you? Are you trying to capture me? Hm? Deny me my life? My freedom? You would take that from me? Confine me in a prison cell? Is this what you were sent here for?” Hannibal asks, accusation laced with underlying fear. In response, Will feels hurt - apparently Hannibal *doesn’t* understand him. *How could he think that?*

“What?!? No!” Will feels like he’s been burned, now feeling a little embarrassed at his declaration. Maybe he shouldn’t have said anything, but he really thought Hannibal wanted it too. He rallies, trying to corral his hurt, trying to make his lust-addled brain think clearly enough to explain, “I just…can’t you feel it too? We’re true mates! You’re the only one who knows the real me, the only one who would accept the real me…and I’m the same for you. I’ve never wanted any Alpha ever, I *hate* the idea of belonging to anyone, but I want you…I *want* to belong to you…and for you to belong to me…if that’s what you want too…” Will can tell he’s rambling, Omega heat hormones making him feel weak and needy. He can feel his heat climbing in intensity, realizing soon he won’t be lucid, so in a way he’s glad he got to say it now, hoping he’s not shooting himself in the foot.

As he talks Hannibal looks incredulous, and Will feels physically and mentally on the precipice; he realizes he’s ceded total control to Hannibal - his entire future hinges on what he does next and Will realizes no matter the outcome, he can’t regret it, there is no substitute for being known, being seen.

“Aren’t you worried I might kill you?” Hannibal asks, and now there is no accusation in his tone, just honest curiosity.

“Worried? No,” Will says with a laugh and Hannibal looks surprised again. “You either will or you won’t; regardless this is worth the risk to me.” Hannibal stares at him for a moment, before seeming to decide something

“True mates?” Hannibal asks, honest curiosity in his voice, almost like the words are foreign to him.

“Yes!” Will says effusively, “Don’t you feel it? I’ve gone into heat after every one of your crime scenes, exactly three days after - *every time* . It happened again after our appointment. And they’ve been the worst heats of my life,” Will hears his voice catch, *fuck,* he feels tears at the corner of his eyes, *damn these Omega hormones,* but he needs Hannibal to understand, “I have no other explanation. It’s why you smell so damn good-”

“Three days?” Hannibal asks, cutting him off.

“What?” Will asks, feeling vulnerable but hopeful.

“You said you got your heat three days after our appointment?” Hannibal asks and somehow Will can feel that this is important.

“Yes, why?”

“My rut was triggered unexpectedly, and I couldn’t figure out why…it was also three days after our appointment, and it also lasted an abnormally long time. I had no explanation-”

“Had?” Now it’s Will’s turn to cut Hannibal off, hoping he is hearing what he thinks he’s hearing. Hannibal stares at him in awe and Will can relate, *it’s a lot to take in* . Will is surprised to realize their bodies are still joined, seemingly content for the time being that they have found their mate while their minds hash this out, but Will can feel eventually need will make itself known again.

“I never believed in true mates…I…I never thought I would have a true mate due to my…lifestyle,” Hannibal says, sounding almost disbelieving.

"I never thought I'd meet an Alpha I didn't want to punch in the face, yet here we are," Will says with a smirk. That coaxes a chuckle out of Hannibal, lightening the mood; the movement from the chuckle causes them both to gasp, their bodies reminding them of just how intimately joined they are, hormones still flowing.

*

Despite his best efforts to quell it, Hannibal feels hope swelling in his chest. *Is it really possible? But surely Will won't feel that way if he knows everything.* To Hannibal's knowledge there is one thing about him that no one knows…is it possible for Will to really feel the way he does once he knows Hannibal's darkest secret? Only one way to find out he supposes…let's see how well Will actually understands him…

*

"Will…" Hannibal says, exhaling as he continues looks down on him in disbelief, trailing his fingers lightly over Will's neck suggestively, "…you asked me before if I see you…I do…and I find, maybe against my better judgement, I do want to bite you, to claim you, to make you mine forever…but do you *really see me* ? Really understand *what* I do?" Will hears the unspoken hesitation and fear behind the question but can't place where it's coming from.

"Of course I do, I've given lectures on you for fucks sake," Will says, smirking again. That gets another chuckle out of Hannibal, creating a domino effect of ripples of pleasure between them, causing them both to gasp. Once the pleasure recedes, Will thinks about Hannibal's question more seriously and has an unpleasant epiphany, "Actually…" Will's mind populates the one thing he doesn't know and he almost wishes it hadn't - it's a god awful topic to bring up during sex, but apparently they're having this conversation here and now, so he says, "…there is one thing I don't understand…" Hannibal's eyes narrow and even though Will still can't read him well, right now he can intuit that he has hit on the right topic, what Hannibal is getting at, so he takes a breath and asks the million dollar question, "What do you do with the organs?"

It's as if time freezes, as Will waits on bated breath to see what Hannibal will say. Looking at Will intensely, he leans down, his soft damp hair tickling Will's face as he speaks directly into his ear, whispering, "What do you think I do with them?" Will shivers in arousal from his sultry voice close to his ear, and the danger behind it (gosh he really is kind of fucked up isn't he? But then again he's got a serial killer's dick in him right now so really it shouldn't be an epiphany for him) and gives it some thought.

"Most people assumed they were trophies…" Will starts.

"Ah but you're not most people Will…what do *you* think I do with them?" Hannibal prompts, both hopeful and fearful. With Hannibal so close, Will can almost feel the challenge, Hannibal's curiosity if Will can figure it out, can climb over the walls he's built to keep everyone out, can solve the mystery he's shrouded himself in to evade law enforcement, wondering if anyone is as intelligent and clever as he is to really know him. And behind all that Will detects a small swath of fear - well, maybe not fear - but uncertainty, and Will can tell this is important; if he ever needed his profiler skills, now is the moment, so he thinks. What *can* you do with organs? He thinks back to his forensics classes, what does he know about organs? Specifically lungs, thymus, and liver – the organs missing from the Chesapeake Ripper and Copy-cat murders.

Well all of those organs don't last long outside the body – so if he's using them for a purpose it must be timely after the murder...unless he's just keeping them frozen or in jars as a

memento? Will mentally scratches that off the list as a possibility; as arrogant and prideful as he is, Hannibal doesn't strike him as someone to keep items like that just for sentimentality – especially considering they would be incriminating evidence, Hannibal's too smart for that.

Lungs and livers can both be transplanted, and he's sure people would be willing to pay large sums of money for life-saving organs on the black market. And Hannibal certainly appears to have lots of money...and as a psychiatrist likely has connections to people in the medical field. It's not a bad theory at face value, but then why the thymus? Will has never heard of a thymus transplant. In fact what the fuck can someone do with a thymus? All he knows about them is that cow thymuses are often referred to as sweetbreads, and are commonly eaten…eaten… *oh god* . Will closes his eyes as he sucks in a breath, the pendulum swinging behind his eyes as the dominoes start to fall, understanding slotting into place as his eyes fly open, wide with epiphany.

Will *can see* and *oh fuck* he stares into Hannibal's face, finally understanding, the pieces locking into place in startling clarity, a rapid domino effect of his profiling mind finally understanding – it's a final act of dominance; it's not enough he kills them (for whatever reason, Will hasn't found traceable motive yet) but that him, in his Alpha superiority, has to take it that one extra step further.

"You eat them," Will whispers and he watches as Hannibal stares at him, the closest to afraid Will has seen him. Hannibal stares back at him, the moment so tense you could hear a pin drop - the only sounds in the room are the crackling of the fire and the drum of the rain on the roof, and absurdly they are still joined.

"Why?" Hannibal asks with quiet intensity, and Will feels like this is the moment where things will change, one way or the other, and he swallows before he starts speaking.

"It's a final act of dominance…it's not enough for you to kill them, you consume them, assert your superiority over them. They are…lesser than you, not even in the same category, not worthy as they *were* …you make them have purpose, give them worth…" The words tumble out of Will as he thinks them, no filter, and he is surprised to find he feels that same perplexing feeling he felt at Hannibal's crime scenes – that the whole thing is quite an elegant concept, morbidly beautiful. He knows he should feel repulsed, grossed out…but he finds all he feels is finally, *finally* connected to Hannibal - fully understanding this last piece of the puzzle, now understanding Hannibal just as Hannibal understands him and it's a blissful feeling.

Will doesn't even bother to wait for confirmation, somehow he knows he's right as Hannibal just stares at him, frozen; Will takes his face in his hands and gently brings their mouths together, leaving his eyes open a fraction longer than he normally would, attempting to communicate through the eye contact that he is making an informed choice; he knows, he sees, he understands. The kiss is tentative at first but Will persists, taking on the dominant role for the moment, tilting Hannibal's head to get better access, licking across his lip – *lips that have eaten human flesh holy fuck* – and Will groans (oh god he's going to hell but he doesn't care, as wrong as this is, it feels so so right).

The groan seems to wake Hannibal out of his frozen state as he kisses back, still letting Will lead and Will is surprised again at this unusual Alpha before him. He gives one final brush of lips before pulling back, still cradling Hannibal's face, staring into his eyes, saying softly, "Yes, I see you. (kiss) And I still want you. (kiss) *Please.* (kiss)" Will feels the Omega hormones making themselves known again, and sees Hannibal has tears in his eyes but only catches a brief glimpse before Hannibal is kissing him again, intensely. Will feels Hannibal taking back control of the

encounter, feels his strength come to life in his body. Along with that Alpha energy, he realizes he feels like he is protected, precious - like in this moment Hannibal would do anything to protect him - it's ridiculous and he doesn't know how he knows this but he just knows.

*

Hannibal is shocked beyond belief; he didn't dare let himself hope that Will could understand, let alone accept it, and yet that is exactly what has happened! What does this mean? Is it really possible he has found a mate? Is it really possible they are true mates? The feelings are nearly overwhelming, and Hannibal feels himself falling in love with this man below him, feels the walls he built crumbling inside him. He now realizes how lonely he really was, despite how much he tried to bury the feeling. It was too unlikely to ever be remedied so he locked the feelings away, and now that they are out he finds he can't stop the tears from springing to his eyes as they kiss, breathing in the sweet scent of this Omega, his Omega, who smells like home, like cinnamon and pine, and apparently wants him in his entirety.

*

Will takes a deep breath when their lips part briefly, inhaling that sweet beautiful scent of Elderflower and sandalwood - such delicate scents for such dangerous man - and Will finds poetic beauty in the dichotomy, feeling calmed, like everything will be alright. At the same time, he has the urge to rub his scent glands all over Hannibal, to muddle their scents together into one new combined scent.

As Hannibal continues to kiss him, Will melts into it, moaning and whimpering as their joined bodies slowly find a rhythm again. He feels his body start leaking more slick out, easing the glide of Hannibal's large cock in and out of his body; Hannibal fucks him gently, almost reverently, like he is breakable, delicate like spun glass. Will feels loved, treasured, but at the same time he doesn't want to be treated like a weak Omega, that's not who he is and hell if he's going to lay back and take it.

Will reaches up, threading his fingers into Hannibal's damp hair and clenches hard, forcing his head back enough to break the kiss and see his face. Hannibal stares at him uncomprehending but surprisingly he doesn't resist in the slightest. Will's smile is dark as he lifts his legs, locking them around Hannibal's body, and then pulls, forcing Hannibal deep into him and grinning when Hannibal's eyes flutter shut in pleasure. He does it again, rougher, wordlessly encouraging Hannibal to fuck him harder, faster, challenging him, daring him, goading him. When Hannibal opens his eyes he looks awestruck, before he finally kicks into gear with a dark grin of his own, gripping Will's hips roughly; Will moans to show his approval and feels Hannibal squeezes tighter - Will is sure he's going to have bruises there but he doesn't care, he wants them, as Hannibal starts to fuck him harder, grunting with effort.

"This is what you want, hm Will?" Hannibal asks, voice rough, breathing hard. In response Will moans unabashedly, feeling completely free and happy.

"Yes Hannibal, fuck, harder!" Will says between moans. In response Hannibal thrusts even harder and Will feels his body being scooted up the chaise, absently realizing how damp he made the chaise by comparison as he encounters dry fabric under him. At the sound of Will calling his name, Hannibal groans, speed increasing and Will catches on, continuing a litany of "Hannibal, oh god, yes!"

The next thing Will knows, Hannibal has folded himself over the top of him, hands leaving his hips to come under his arms, hooking over his shoulders, using his body as leverage to pound him down onto his cock, and *holy fuck* Will never knew it could feel this good. The friction from Hannibal's firm stomach against his cock is so good he arches up, chasing the feeling, feeling his body buzzing, resonating with need, with craving that only this man can fill. His heat is magnifying all the sensations his body is feeling and he's addicted, wants more, needs more, continuing his pleas of *'Hannibal oh god please yes!'* and shivering when Hannibal grunts his own name, "Yes Will…oh Will…"

Their mouths find one another and Will drinks in the kisses Hannibal is offering, intuitively submitting, letting Hannibal's tongue plunder his mouth in counterpoint to his cock in him below - Will feels like he's being invaded but he welcomes it, content to surrender to this perfect feeling.

When the kiss breaks Will says, "Fuck, yes, Hannibal, so good, I'm close!" Will feels Hannibal pick up the pace, feels one of Hannibal's hands reach between them to pull at Will's cock, sliding easily from the pre-come that has leaked out, and all of a sudden Will is drowning in pleasure. The pace builds in speed as their bodies join, Hannibal's thrusts coming harder and harder, his breath coming faster; Will feels like Hannibal is losing control but he feels like to be honest he is too, turning himself over to instinct happily.

Will claws at whatever part of Hannibal he can reach, one hand in his hair, the other down his broad muscular back as he feels Hannibal's mouth going to his neck. Instantly Will bares his neck shamelessly, feeling so close.

"Oh Alpha yes! Yes!" In the next moment Will is overwhelmed as he feels the mouth on his neck bite – *hard.* It hurts but Will doesn't shy away from it, he continues to bare his neck, content to fully hand over his wellbeing to this Alpha, his Alpha.

"Oh my Alpha!" Will cries as he feels a dull ache at his neck but is distracted from it as Hannibal's thrusts change, pushing once, twice, and then Will hears him grunt. Just like that, Will suddenly feels more full than he ever has as Hannibal forces his knot into him as he comes and Will feels even more full as he feels Hannibal's come spilling inside of him. He moans as his own orgasm is wrenched from him, come jetting out over Hannibal's hand between them. With each spasm of his body, he moans all over again, the resistance against Hannibal's knot inside of him creating a beautiful feedback loop of pleasure, which if Hannibal's gasps are anything to go by, he must feel too.

Will's not sure how long they ride the waves of pleasure together - it feels like an eternity, pleasure continuing to wax and wane, almost being traded between their bodies, gradually lowering in intensity - but eventually he comes back to reality, feeling a strange but pleasant feeling, like something creeping at the edge of his consciousness. He opens his eyes, staring into warm brown ones and smiles. A moment later he feels feelings of astonishment, satiety, pleasure, and contentment; they are surely all things he is feeling, but somehow he *knows* they are Hannibal's feelings. He shifts a little and realizes they are still joined, Hannibal's knot still locked inside him and groans, the feeling of being complete is addictive, powerful, and incredibly satisfying.

They cuddle, shifting around on the narrow chaise with Hannibal easily lifting Will, reversing their positions so Will lies atop Hannibal. Will is about to protest for multiple reasons, one being the damp chaise (damp with *his* bodily fluid) and another being he's a grown man and doesn't need to be carried like a weak Omega; however, he can feel through their bond that

Hannibal means nothing by it other than their mutual comfort so he says nothing, just basks in the pleasant feeling of being with his true mate, listening to the fire crackle and the rain beating down outside. He feels Hannibal nuzzling over parts of him and Will realizes he's being scent marked but is surprised to find he doesn't mind at all, basking in the feeling of belonging.

"I can feel you," Will says, exploring this new feeling, initially meaning their mental connection but then realizing he feels his body too; Hannibal's knot is still locking them together, and Will experiments with contracting his internal muscles, eliciting a gasp from his mate.

"Mm, I can feel you too," Hannibal says softly, continuing to nuzzle at Will, licking over the damaged skin at his neck gently, and Will basks in their combined scent and the feeling of being loved, of being taken care of. After about a half an hour of pleasant cuddling and watching the dwindling fire, Hannibal's knot shrinks enough that he slips out and they both wince a little, reality finally encroaching back onto them now that their mating hormones have subsided, biological imperative finally being met.

With clear minds, they both do their best to clean up in the small bathroom. As they do, Will finds himself adjusting to this new reality now that the cloud of heat is gone. He never really gave much thought to what it would be like *after* being mated, always feeling like the chances of it happening were slim, but he finds he likes feeling Hannibal's presence in his mind, finds it comforting, like he is never truly alone. Will is brought out of his musings by Hannibal telling him,

"My home is about a half hour drive from here, I think we would be more comfortable there, if you're amenable." Will smiles, he couldn't agree more.

"Let's go," Will says enthusiastically, feeling surreal. They get dressed in their damp crumpled clothes, and while Hannibal locks up the office Will makes a phone call to his neighbor, asking her to look after his dogs for the night. As he ends the call he can feel Hannibal's surprise before he sees it on his face, one eyebrow raised almost comically, as if to say, *Dogs? Plural?* The expression generates a chuckle out of Will before he realizes that they do, in fact, still have a lot to learn about each other. *Does Hannibal have pets?* he wonders. Somehow he doubts it, having a difficult time imagining Hannibal tolerating his expensive suits covered in dog hair.

Will then follows Hannibal out to the parking lot, surprisingly touched as Hannibal holds his umbrella to cover them both. He is led to a black Bentley and now it's Will's turn to raise his eyebrows. *Holy fuck! Hannibal must be loaded to afford a car like this!* He's about to ask if it's okay to get inside with his damp clothes, realizing this car probably costs more than his home *and* all the possessions in it, but Hannibal gets in without hesitation so Will follows suit, figuring Hannibal is more wet than he is. And anyway, what would the alternative be? Drive home naked? The thought brings some fantastic visuals to his mind and he blushes as he closes the door and buckles his seat belt.

As Hannibal pulls out into traffic after turning the heater on full blast, Will finds himself thinking *oh god what have I gotten myself into? I'm bonded to a posh cannibalistic serial killer?* But at the same time he realizes he truly couldn't be happier. He knows there is a small chance he will be murdered when they arrive, *if* they arrive - for all he knows Hannibal could be taking him anywhere. Just like earlier though, Will finds himself content to blindly trust this man, his Alpha. Plus the chance that he won't be murdered - the chance to have a life with his true mate, someone who he can truly be himself around - is worth the risk. Also, he figures with their mental bond that he would hopefully detect something beforehand if Hannibal did decide to kill him. But Will

realizes that even if he did, he's already been down that road, he the chance to turn Hannibal in - he didn't take it then, and he's surely not going to take it now.

The bond he has with Hannibal continues to radiate astonished contentment, and Will thinks his chances of surviving are pretty good. They still have many things to talk about. Will Hannibal continue killing? How will Will handle FBI? Will they move in together? Run away together? But all those things will have to wait. For now, Will relishes the realization that for the first time in his life, he is looking forward to his next heat rather than dreading it, confident he will enjoy his heats more than he ever has before thanks to the man next to him, his Alpha. Somehow Will thought being bonded would feel demeaning - like he was property, owned - but he finds it is quite the opposite; instead he feels the same thing Hannibal is feeling - the feeling of finally not being alone, the feeling of belonging.

Chapter End Notes

♥♥♥ THANK YOU SO MUCH to all who have read, left kudos, or commented!! ♥♥♥

I am seriously overjoyed at the response to this fic!!! :D *blows kisses*

As always I'd love to hear your feedback in a comment below!! or hmu here on tumblr ^_^

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